

FRONTISPIECE



Book 1st

FRONTISPIECE



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Ch. 790/61.

T H E
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

MR. BERQUIN,

BY LUCAS WILLIAMS, ESQ.

A NEW CORRECTED EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS,

AND

EMBELLISHED WITH FORTY-FOUR COPPER-PLATES.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

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THE





Cook Sc

The Little Gleaner

THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THE LITTLE GLEANER,

A DRAMA, in one Act.

CHARACTERS.

LORD BEVIL.

MARCELLUS, *his Son.*

HARRIET, *his Daughter.*

MRS. JENNINGS.

EMILY, - *her Daughter.*

HARDY, - *Bailiff to Lord Bevil.*

SCENE. *A new reaped Field, on which remain several sheaves of corn. On one side appears a nobleman's seat; on the other several cottages, and other objects that adorn a rural prospect.*

SCENE I. (*The stage represents a field of corn covered with sheaves.*)

Emily, (*holding with both hands a basket full of ears of corn. She sits down near a sheaf.*)

COME, this is not a bad beginning!
what joy will this be for my poor mother! (*She lays her basket on the ground, and*

VOL. II.

B

looks

looks at it with an air of satisfaction.) That old reaper! how good-natured he was to fill my basket! I might have run about here and there all the day, and never have picked up so much as half of this. God reward him for it! but here are still some ears upon the ground: if I could only glean a handful or two——(*She presses down the corn ears in her basket with both hands.*) I can make it hold them by pressing down a little, and besides, I have my apron. (*She rises, takes the two corners of her apron in one hand, and prepares to put into it with the other the ears of corn that she gathers, when a noise is heard.*) O dear! Yonder is a man coming towards me, who seems to be angry. Yet I do not think that I have done any harm.

S C E N E II.

Emily, Hardy.

Hardy, (seizing her by the arm.) Ah! little thief! have I caught you at it?

Emily. What do you say, sir? I am not a thief. I am an honest little girl, I can tell you that.

Hardy. An honest little girl! You an honest



nest little girl! (*Snatches the basket out of her hands.*) What have you got in this then, my honest little girl?

Emily. Ears of corn, as you see.

Hardy. And did these ears of corn grow in your basket?

Emily. Ah! if they grew there, I should not take so much trouble in gathering them up and down the fields.

Hardy. Then they are stolen?

Emily. Pray, sir, do not treat me so ill. I would rather die of hunger, and my mother too, than do what you say.

Hardy. 'Blood! why they did not throw themselves into your basket of their own accord, did they?

Emily. Oh dear! you terrify me with your swearing. But only hear me. I went to glean down in yonder field, and there was a good-natured old man who saw me at work. Poor child! said he, how she labours! I will assist her. There were some sheaves laying in the field, and he pulled out of them whole handfuls of ears, which he threw into my basket. What is given to the poor, said he, God repays; and—

Hardy. Aha! I understand you. The old
B 2 man

man in that field below filled your basket with ears that you have been pulling here out of our sheaves? Heh!

Emily. Nay, then you may go and ask him yourself. He can tell you.

Hardy. I go and ask him! yes, you may wait for that. I have caught you here; that is enough.

Emily. But when I tell you that I have not touched a single sheaf! the few ears that I have in my apron, I picked up from the ground, because I thought that was allowed. However, if you do not choose that I should, I am ready to return them. There, these are yours.

Hardy. No, no; these shall remain with the other, and you shall remain with the basket, wherever it goes. Come follow me to the house of correction.

Emily. (*Frightened.*) How! You don't say so, my dear fir!

Hardy. Oh! yes, your dear fir! but I should be much dearer if I let you escape, should I not? To the house of correction I say, come, come along!

Emily. Ah! pray, for God's sake!—I have picked up nothing here but the hand-
fuls

fuls of ears that I returned to you. What would my poor mother say, if I should not go home the whole day, and if she heard that I had been put in prison? it would be enough to kill her.

Hardy. A great loss! the parish would be well rid of her.

Emily. (*Begins to cry.*) Ah! if you knew what a good mother she is, and how poor we are! you would pity us.

Hardy. I am not here to pity people. I am here to take them up, when they trespass upon my lord's grounds, and to clap them in prison.

Hardy. But when one has done nothing, when one is innocent as I am?—

Hardy. Oh! yes, tell me of your innocence! what, come here and steal a whole basket full of corn, and then tell me a thousand lies! Come, come, walk along.

Emily. Ah! pray good sir, have compassion on me. Take my basket if you will; alas! my little store will hardly make you much richer. But let me go, I intreat you; if not on my own account, at least for the sake of my poor mother. I am all the comfort and help that she has.

Hardy. If I let you go, it is not on account of your mother at least, that I can tell you: I could wish her a hundred miles off: it is only on your own, because your whimpering has moved me a little. But do not expect to have your basket too; the law seizes on it as forfeit. Then, at sessions, their worships will lay on a swinging fine, and if that is not paid, off to prison, and turn out of the village. (*Takes the basket upon his shoulder. Emily weeps bitterly, and kneels to him.*) Go, do not tease me, or you will see what is to be got by that! (*goes off muttering.*) Only see, if one were not always to be on the watch after them, little as they are, they would run away, I do believe, with the fields themselves.

SCENE III.

Emily (alone.)

(*She sits down on the ground and rests her head upon a sheaf. For some moments, she weeps in silence, at last she rises and looks about her.*) Well; he is gone; the ill-natured man! he has carried away what was
all

all my satisfaction. I have lost every thing, my ears of corn, my pretty basket and all; and besides, who knows what they will do to my poor mother and me? (*After a short pause.*) How happy those little birds are! They at least are permitted to come and take some grains for their food, and I—but who knows whether some ill-natured man, like this, be not watching them now, to kill them with his gun. I will frighten them all away, and then I will go myself, for, perhaps, they would punish me for having rested my head on this sheaf.—But what two children are those coming this way?

S C E N E IV.

Marcellus, Harriet, Emily (wiping her eyes.)

Marc. Aha! was it you, then, little girl, that the bailiff surpris'd just now, stealing the ears of corn from our sheaves? (*Emily sobs, but cannot answer.*)

Harriet, (looking at her attentively, and taking her brother aside.) She seems to be a very good little girl, Marcellus. See how she cries! Do not reproach her any more!

that will afflict her worse ; and it is not worth while, for a few ears of corn that she has picked up—(*Goes to her.*) My poor child, what makes you cry ?

Emily. Why, they accuse me unjustly ; and perhaps you think me in fault.

Marc. Then you are not in fault ?

Emily. No, indeed, you may believe me. I went into that field down there to glean. An old reaper took pity on my fatigue, and filled my basket with ears of corn. I then came here, to pick up a few others that I saw scattered about. Your ill-natured bailiff found me near this sheaf, and accused me of stealing. He took away my basket, and would have carried me to prison, if my entreaties and tears for my mother had not at length prevailed on him to let me go.

Harriet. Ah ! I should be glad to see him dare to molest you ! We have a good papa, who does not suffer any ill to be done to the poor, and who would soon have released you.

Marc. Ay, and who will very soon make him give you back your basket : I promise you that.

Emily,

Emily, (joyfully.) O dear! do you think so, my sweet little master?

Harriet. Marcellus and I will go, and will so beg of him—Do not be uneasy. He is never so well pleased with us as when we speak to him in favour of poor people. And besides, we could get your basket agian without speaking to him.

Emily. Ah! how happy you are, my pretty young lady, not to want help from any body, and even to be able to help others!

Marc. Are you very poor, then, my little girl?

Emily. One must needs be poor, to come here gleanig, with so much trouble, what is to make a little bread.

Harriet. What! is it for bread that you come gathering the ears of corn? I thought that you intended to toast the grains on a hot fire-shovel, and so to eat them, as my brother and I do sometimes when no body fees us.

Emily. O dear! no. My mother and I intended to beat the corn out of those ears, and to give it to the miller, that we might have flour to make bread.

Harriet. But, my poor child, you could not have much out of that, and it would not last you very long.

Emily. Why, suppose we had only enough for a day or two, my mother and I should have a day or two the more to live.

Marc. Well! that you may have another day certain, I will give you this shilling which I have kept the last of all my money because it is quite new.

Emily. Oh! my good little master! So much money! No, no, I dare not take it.

Harriet. (smiling.) So much money! Take it, never fear! If I had my purse about me I would give you much more; but I keep it for you, and you shall not be a loser.

Marc. (still holding out the money.) Come, take it! *(Emily blushes, receives the money, and curtsies to him without speaking.)*

Marc. This is doing only half. I will run as fast as I can after our bailiff, and make him give me back the basket, or else—

Emily. Oh! sir, do not give yourself that trouble. You have promised to assist me, that is enough for me.

Harriet. Tell me, where do you live?

Emily. Just by, in the village.

Marc.

Marc. We never saw you before ; and yet we come here along with papa every year, about harvest-time.

Emily. We have been here only a week, and live with a good old woman called Margaret, who has shewed much friendship to my mother ; Oh ! a great deal of friendship indeed.

Harriet. What, old Margaret ?

Marc. Why, we know her. She is the widow of a poor weaver who was out of work. My papa makes her come sometimes to weed in the garden.

Harriet. Will you take me to your mother's ?

Emily. It would be too great an honour for her. A young lady of quality like you—

Harriet. No, no ; our papa will not let us think ourselves to be any better than other people, and if you have no other reason—

Emily. None at all ; so far from it, you may help me to comfort her for the loss of my basket and my corn. And then, that naughty man that threatened us—

Marc. Fear none of his threats ! While my sister is going with you to your mother's,

I will run after him, and I think—You will come back here again?

Emily. If you chuse it, my good young master.

Marc. Your basket shall be here before you return.

Emily. Perhaps I shall bring my mother with me, to thank you.

Harriet. Come along! let us hasten to find her! (*Takes Emily by the hand, and goes out with her.*)

SCENE V.

Marcellus (alone.)

How happy are my sister and I, not to be obliged, like this poor child, to go about picking up ears of corn for our food. Really, this little girl speaks as if she were born to something better. She has not that dirty vulgar appearance of other cottage girls. Oh! certainly papa will oblige me so far.—But here he comes along with Hardy. This is clever! here comes the basket too.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Marcellus, Lord Bevil, and Hardy.

Marc. (running up to his father.) Ah! dear papa, how glad I am to meet you!—
(*To Hardy.*) Give me this basket!

Hardy. Softly! softly, sir! You will pull my arm off!

Lord Bevil. What do you want with that basket, Marcellus?

Marc. It belongs to a poor little girl, from whom this wicked Hardy took it, as well as the ears of corn that had been given her. You shall hear the whole, papa.

Hardy. So, so, one is wicked then for doing one's duty, and for not assisting rogues in their dishonesty? Why does my lord give me wages?

Lord Bevil. I have often told you, Hardy, it is for hindering vagrants from haunting my grounds and incommoding my labourers, but not for seizing poor people and dragging them to prison: far less, if they be honest persons, reduced by necessity to seek a mite of nourishment from my superfluity, and who meddle with nothing but a few ears

of corn that lie scattered after a rich harvest.

Hardy. In the first place, I do not hinder them to glean as much as they will, after the corn is in; but while there is one sheaf on the ground—

Marc. (ironically.) Why do not you say too, after the fields are fallow, or covered with snow? There is a great deal to pick up, indeed, after the harvest is got home!

Hardy. You do not understand these affairs, master.—In the next place, who can answer to us that these are not thieves?

Marc. Thieves! bless me, thieves! The little girl told me that she had not taken a single ear of corn here, and that it was an old reaper in the next field who filled her basket for her.

Hardy. That is good! she told you: as if there was a word of truth in what those gentry say! I caught her here close by a sheaf.

Lord Bevil. Pulling out the ears of corn?

Hardy. I won't say so much as that. But how do I know what she had been doing before I came up? And then, is not all that story false of an old reaper who filled her
basket

basket for her? Oh! it is very like the country people here; those folks are so charitable!

Marc. Now I'll maintain that those ears of corn were given her, for she told me so: and so good a little girl I am sure would not tell a story.

Hardy. And pray, master, have you never told a story? yet we all look upon you to be an excellent young gentleman.

Do you hear, papa, how this fellow, Hardy, treats me? (*to Hardy, angrily.*) No, if I told stories I should be a wicked boy; but I do not, nor this good little girl neither. And it is you that are a—

Lord Bevil. Softly, Marcellus; I am thus far satisfied with your defence. We should believe all men honest, until we are convinced of the contrary. But we should never be in a passion with those who are of a different opinion: we should rather endeavour to bring them by gentleness to a more satisfactory and just way of thinking.

Hardy. No, no, my Lord, it is much better to believe all men wicked, until we see, beyond a possibility of doubting, that they are honest; that is much the wisest maxim. Whenever I meet an ox in my
road,

road, I always suppose him to be mischievous, and get out of his way. It may happen, that he is not dangerous, but I run no risque in being cautious. The surest way is always the best.

Lord Bevil. If all men had your manner of thinking, with whom could we live? And what dealings could ever have subsisted between you and me, if instead of putting you into an honest service upon my estate, in order to afford a livelihood to a disbanded old soldier, I had given you up to the magistrate as a vagrant, having neither discharge nor certificate?

Hardy. Yes, that is very true; but it is also true that I am an honest man.

Lord Bevil. I should not keep you in my service, if I were not persuaded of that: but I had no foundation for believing it at first, except your word and your countenance.

Marc. My dear papa, if you depend upon one's word and countenance, you will much sooner believe our little girl than Hardy.

Hardy. Ay, Master! look at my face. Your papa will certainly be well satisfied with the countenance of your little girl, if
it

it conveys so favourable an impression as mine does.

Marc. Oh! yes, it becomes you very well with that bear's face to—

Lord Bevil. Fie, Marcellus!—Hardy, do you know this little girl?

Hardy. Yes, my Lord; I know her and I do not know her. I know that she has been here about ten days with her mother; but how or why they came here, the overseers can best inform you. And to speak my mind freely, it is ill done of them to receive such folks into the parish to increase the expence of the poor's rate.

Marc. Well then I'll take that expence upon me; yes I.

Hardy. Why, have you any thing of your own, Sir?

Marc. If I have nothing, my papa has enough.

Hardy. In the mean time, all the parish murmurs; but when once you grease the fist of people in office, (*imitates the action of counting money*) for I am pretty sure the overseers—

Marc. Look ye there, if he is not speaking

ing ill of the overseers ! It would be well done to tell them.

Lord Bevil. Softly, child. I see, Hardy, it is impossible to cure your suspicious temper ; so that I am inclined to suspect too, in my turn. You judge that this little girl has filled her basket here, because you found her in my field near a sheaf. You judge that the overseers would receive a bribe, because they have admitted a poor family into the village. Well then, I judge that you only kept this child's basket, because she had no money or tobacco to give you ; and that in such case you would have freely released her.

Hardy. How, my Lord, can you imagine ?—

Lord Bevil. Why may not I think of you, as you allow yourself to think of others ?

Hardy. Well, my Lord, I had better hold my tongue. And were I to see those beggars carry away your fields, your groves, and your meadows—Shall I take this basket to the steward ?

Marc. Oh no, no, dear papa, I beg it as a favour.

Lord

Lord Bevil. Hardy, you will carry it to the poor woman's house, and make an apology to the little girl.

Hardy. An apology, my Lord? an apology? can you think of such a thing? I go and make her an apology! for what?

Marc. For what? for having given her so much uneasiness without cause; and for having affronted her by accusing her of a base action.

Hardy. If they have not an apology nor basket until I—

Lord Bevil. Hardy, if I had been guilty of injustice to you, I should never hesitate to make amends. And to convince you of it, I will go myself: I will carry back the basket, and make an apology in your name.

Hardy. Or, rather do you Master Marcellus take that charge upon you.

Marc. Oh! with all my heart. Papa, the little girl is to come back presently with Harriet, who is gone to comfort her mother. I must wait for her.

Hardy. In that case, I have no business here. (*He goes off muttering.*) I see we shall have so many beggars in this village, that we must soon go begging ourselves.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Lord Bevil, Marcellus.

Marc. Papa, do you hear what he says?

Lord Bevil. Yes, my dear; I am willing to excuse his humours.

Marc. But how can you keep so ill-natured a man?

Lord Bevil. He is not ill-natured, my dear; but his too eager zeal to serve us leads him astray. He is most faithfully attached to me, and fulfils his duty punctually.

Marc. But then, if he is unjust?

Lord Bevil. You heard him say, that he did not think he was. His only fault is, that he follows his orders too literally, and that he has not discernment enough to make the proper distinctions between persons and circumstances.

Marc. Pray, papa, explain that to me.

Lord Bevil. With pleasure, my dear. When I fixed him in his employment, I gave him in charge to rid my grounds of vagrants, and to carry all such, when found upon them, before a justice. This order

order could only regard those wretches who live by thefts and robberies, or should come to defraud or molest my tenants.

Marc. Ah! I understand. Whereas he looks upon all those as rogues who subsist upon the charity of others, and never informs himself whether old age, sickness, or unavoidable misfortunes have reduced them to that condition.

Lord Bevil. Very right, my dear boy! for circumstances alter things exceedingly. For instance, you did not shew sufficient reflection in your dispute with him. Can you tell whether the mother of this little girl is not a dishonest person? whether the little girl herself has not told you an untruth, and actually stolen those ears of corn out of my sheaves?

Marc. No, my dear papa, that is impossible!

Lord Bevil. Why impossible? are you clearly informed of every thing? Do you know who she is, who her mother is, and with what view they have come here?

Marc. O! if you had only seen her! if you had only heard her speak! her language, her countenance, her tears! Then she

she is so poor as to have occasion for a handful of corn-ears to make her bread. Need one know more than this? Should I let a poor person perish with hunger, because I do not know as yet whether he merits my assistance?

Lord Bevil. Let me kiss thee, my dear boy! Preserve always these generous dispositions towards the poor, and God will bless thee, as he has blessed me, for the same sentiments, by giving birth to them in thy young heart. Mercy is always preferable to severity. A want of feeling can only lead to injustice; and if he who solicits our compassion does not merit it, the fault is his, not ours.

Marc. But, my dear papa, is it prudent to commit to such men as Hardy an office which puts it in one's power to be unjust?

Lord Bevil. You would be right, my son, if I had left to him alone the power of condemning or acquitting. He can at most commit but a slight injury, which it is easy to remedy; and this inconvenience is unavoidable. To judge of things according to the principles of equity, I have in my steward a man of good understanding, upright
right

right and noble in his sentiments. He gave me a favourable account of the little girl and her mother, as soon as they were first received into the village, and informed me that they live with old Margaret, who is a very honest woman.

Marc. But what if Hardy had beat the little girl, as he threatened her?

Lord Bevil. Nothing could have carried him so far. I have forbidden him, on pain of losing his place, to strike any person whatsoever, even those whom he should surprise in doing any thing amiss; and he rigorously pursues the orders that I give him.

Marc. Ah! papa, here is my sister returning with the little girl.

S C E N E VIII.

Lord Bevil, Marcellus, Harriet, Emily.

Marc. (*running with the basket to Emily.*)
Here, my little girl, here is your basket. There has not been a single ear of it touched.

Emily. O my dear basket! how much am I obliged to you, my good little master!

(*perceiving*)

(*perceiving Lord Bevil.*) Who is that gentleman?

Harriet. (*running towards her father, and jumping up to embrace him.*) This is our good papa.

Marc. Oh! he is a good papa, indeed, that I can assure you; so that you have nothing to fear. Come, I'll introduce you to him. (*Coming forward.*) He has scolded old Hardy well, for treating you as he did.

Emily. (*advances fearfully towards Lord Bevil, and curtsies to him.*) I beg pardon, my Lord, for the liberty—but your Lordship's children are so good!

Lord Bevil, (*aside.*) Marcellus was right. Whoever looks on her cannot doubt her innocence. That graceful air, her manner of speaking, are proofs of no vulgar education.

Emily, (*in a low voice to Marcellus and Harriet.*) Have I made your papa angry? He is talking to himself.

Lord Bevil, (*overhearing her.*) No, my dear. If my children have behaved well to you, they have done no more than you appear to deserve.

Harriet.

Harriet. Nor than she does really deserve, papa. Ah! if you had seen her mother!

Lord Bevil. Who is your mother, my dear? By what means did you come to these parts? and how do you live?

Emily. We live—indeed I can scarce tell how. We live upon little or nothing. We spend the day, and sometimes the night, in spinning and working at the needle, to get us bread. Old Madge affords my mother lodging; and they sent me to-day into the fields to glean; but, indeed, my first attempt has not turned out well.

Marc. (in a whisper to Emily.) Better than you think! my sister will get papa's leave, that you shall have ears of corn without gleaning.

Lord Bevil. But where did you live before?

Emily. At Richmond, which is a few miles off. Living was too dear there. So old Margaret persuaded my mother to come to her, and offered her house-room for nothing.

Lord Bevil, (aside.) If people who are so poor exercise humanity to each other, what duties have not we to fulfil? *(to Emily)* Is

your father yet living; what is his profession?

Marc. I will lay a wager he is no working man?

Harriet. And so will I, especially since I have seen her mother.

Emily, (confused.) My father?—I have none. Indeed I never saw him. He died before I was born. Oh! if he was living now—

Lord Bevil. And do not you know who he was? What was his name?

Emily. My mother will inform you better than I.

Lord Bevil. Could I speak with her?

Harriet. Oh yes, papa, she is coming herself. She only begged a moment's time to put herself in order.

Lord Bevil. And who brought you up?

Emily. My mother entirely my lord. She taught me to read and write; she instructs me in my religion, and gives me some lessons in drawing.

Lord Bevil. In drawing! I have not a doubt remaining. This is a branch of some good family reduced by misfortune to necessity.

Harriet. Ah! here she comes.

Marc. Is this she?

Lord

Lord Bevil, (aside.) I am impatient to clear up this mystery. This child recalls to my mind' features that are well known to me, but whose I cannot recollect.

S C E N E IX.

Lord Bevil, Mrs. Jennings, Marcellus, Harriet, Emily.

Emily, (running to meet her mother, who appears confused on seeing Lord Bevil). Come, Mama, do not be afraid! this is the papa of those two amiable children that treated me with so much good-nature; and he is very kind too, as kind as his children. *(Mrs. Jennings advances modestly. Harriet eagerly takes her hand, and draws her on towards her father.)*

Harriet. Oh! my papa knows all.

Mrs. Jenn. May I flatter myself that your lordship has not suspected my little Emily?—

Lord Bevil. The sight alone, madam, of you and your daughter, is sufficient to convey the most favourable opinion of you both.

Marc. Is her name Emily? Oh! papa, it

is easy to see that she was not born to be a gleaner.

Mrs. Jenn. The laws of necessity are sometimes severe, and as long as we do nothing dishonourable—

Lord Bevil. Nobody should blush for poverty; it may be found united to every virtue. But may I take the liberty, madam, to ask your name?

Harriet. Her name is Mrs. Lambert.

Mrs. Jenn. I should not disguise my real name from your lordship. I find myself, indeed, under the necessity of disclosing it to you, in order to justify myself in your lordship's opinion, for the state to which you see me reduced. Yet I should wish (*looking at the children*) to make this avowal to you without witnesses; not that I blush for my humble situation, but if my name was known, I should fear to meet among the lower class, some ungenerous souls, who would perhaps take a pleasure in mortifying me, because they sometimes see those who are in prosperity behave with the same want of generosity to themselves.

Marc. Well, I shall not listen.

Harriet. And I will never mention a
word

word of it, I assure you. Whoever you are, Emily shall always be my friend.

Lord B. Be assured, madam, I should not enquire these particulars without being strongly interested in them; and unless I were resolved to make amends for the injustice of fortune.

Mrs. Jenn. I was born of a good family, though little favoured by fortune. I passed my youth in London, as companion to a Lady of the first rank. Eight years ago I became acquainted with Mr. Jennings, a lieutenant-colonel in the army, who had come to spend some months in town.

Lord B. (eagerly.) Jennings! Jennings!

Mrs. Jenn. He conceived an affection for me, and his good qualities prejudiced me in his favour. I gave him my hand, and a few days after our marriage we retired to a small estate which he had in Dorsetshire.

Lord B. 'Tis the same! 'tis the same! I can trace his features in the face of this child.

Mrs. Jenn. How! my lord!

Lord B. Go on, madam, I conjure you.

Mrs. Jenn. I will be as brief as possible.

We were beginning to enjoy, in a peaceful retirement, the happiness of a most tender union. But alas ! the fatigues of the service had impaired my husband's health, and a severe illness seizing him, put an end to his life in a few days. (*weeps.*)

Harriet, (to Emily.) Poor child ! you became an orphan very soon.

Emily. Ah, me ; before I was even born.

Mrs. Jenn. He left me pregnant of this child whom you see. She was born in sorrow. As soon as my husband's brothers, who were hard-hearted worldly men, saw that there was no male heir, they took possession of his property ; and as we had delayed from day to day the formal attestations requisite to put our marriage articles in force, I was obliged to be satisfied with whatever they thought proper to allow for the subsistence of me and my daughter.

Lord B. Their ungenerous avarice gives room to suppose that the sum was small, and could not last you long.

Mrs. Jenn. It sufficed to maintain me for a few years in Dorsetshire, during which time I continued to flatter myself with the expectation of obtaining a small jointure.

But

But at length seeing all my hopes frustrated, I took the resolution of returning to London to my former benefactress. On my arrival, I learned that she had died a short time before. Having then no other resource than to sell what remained of my clothes and jewels, and to work with my own hands for a subsistence, I retired to Richmond, to live private and unknown. And there I met some time ago a woman whom I had formerly known, and who lives in this village.

Harriet. That is old Margaret, papa.

Mrs. Jenn. She had been servant to the Lady whom I mentioned. My attention to her during a severe illness, attached her strongly to me. I explained my situation to her, and she proposed to me to come and live here, where I might enjoy a still more obscure retreat. I am indebted much to her hospitality, and as she has no relation to perform the last offices for her, she has given me to understand that I shall succeed to the possession of her little cottage. You see, my Lord—

Lord B. 'Tis enough, madam. This generous woman shall not surpass me in gratitude.

titude. It gives me inexpressible joy to be able to repay a debt which I have contracted to your worthy husband.

Mrs. Jenn. How, my Lord, have you known my husband !

Marc. The father of this good little Emily ?

Harriet. O my dear Emily, I see we shall keep you with us. But what is the matter ? do you cry ?

Emily. It is only for joy.

Lord B. To your husband I owe my life. How happy am I then in being able to repay that kindness to his wife and his child ! I served under him last war. In a dangerous engagement, one of the enemy's horsemen had his sword lifted over me at a time when I was quite spent with fatigue, so that I must have have perished, if my brave lieutenant-colonel had not saved my life by rushing upon him at the very moment.

Mrs. Jenn. I know him well by this description. He was as brave as he was generous.

Lord B. Some days after, I was sent with a detachment upon a very dangerous expedition. We were surrounded and forced to
yield

yielded after a long resistance. My baggage had been plundered, so that I was stripped of both clothes and money. Colonel Jennings being informed of my situation, procured me a recommendation to the enemy's general. Through his exertions I obtained every assistance requisite whilst under cure for a deep wound that I received. I was more than two years in recovering; and when we were ordered home, had barely time to pay him a visit of acknowledgment before I was obliged to go on board immediately for the West-Indies. I married there to my advantage; and in consequence of that circumstance, returned to England about six years ago. I was preparing to fly to him, when I heard that he was no more. I little thought that his wife and daughter experienced that reverse of fortune in which I am grieved to find you at present.

Mrs. Jenn. Good God! by what wonderful ways hast thou conducted me hither!

Marc. What? your father save papa's life?

Harriet. How dearly we ought to love you!

Lord B. Come hither, Emily; thou shalt

find in me the father whom thou hast lost. My children, too, have occasion for a second mother to replace her whom death has taken from them. The education that you have given your amiable child, (*Emily goes close up to him, and takes his hand*) shews me, madam, how worthy you are to fill so delicate an employ. I shall take every necessary precaution that you may not have to dread a second time, the unforeseen strokes of adversity. (*To Emily, who still holds his hand*) Yes, my little dear, I will make no difference between you and my own children. You are the living image of your generous father, and as worthy of my affection as he was of my gratitude.

Mrs. Fenn. (with emotion.) How shall I answer, my Lord, to so much kindness! I have only tears to express what I feel.

Harriet, (embracing her.) My dear new mama! will you always be with us then, as well as Emily? You shall see how glad we will be to obey you.

Marc. Yes, and Emily shall be my other sister. She will certainly not go any more to glean. Ah! ill-natured Hardy, how I shall laugh at you now!

Mrs.

Mrs. Jenn. My dear little lambs! with what joy you fill my heart! Instead of one child then, I have now three; and no Mother shall equal me in attention and tenderness to them. (*to Lord Bevil.*) Will your Lordship permit me to go and impart these happy tidings to my good friend Margaret? I almost fear that she will die with joy.

Lord B. Nothing is more just, Madam; meantime I will go and order an apartment to be prepared for you at my house.

Harriet. Papa, will you give me leave to go with Emily and my new mama.

Marc. And me too, papa; I should wish to accompany them.

Lord B. With pleasure my dear children. Afterwards you will bring Mrs. Jennings and her daughter to our house, without forgetting good old Margaret, whom I invite also to come and dine with us.

Marc. (*to Emily, who is going to take the basket.*) No, Emily, this is not fit for you to carry now. Let the basket remain here.

Emily. Oh! sir! I would not give this basket for any thing in the world. To it I owe my own happiness and my mother's; the happiness of knowing you; and in

short, my life and well-being. No, my dear little basket, I shall never blush to carry you. (*She lifts it up with difficulty.*)

Harriet. At least take the ears of corn. out, it will be lighter.

Emily. No, no. They are mine. For the good old reaper gave them to me, whatever Hardy might say. I will make a present of them to old Margaret.

Lord B. She shall not be forgot next harvest, and from this day forward shall be assured of bread for her whole life.

Mrs. Fenn. May heaven reward you in your children for these acts of generosity!

GEORGE AND CECILIA.

LITTLE George, an orphan, who had been brought up from his infancy by Lady Eustace, who, together with Lord Eustace, were retired from London, and resided in a small country town. From the tenderness with which they treated him, a stranger in the family would have imagined him to be really their son. This worthy couple had but one child left them, and that

that a girl, named Cecilia, who was nearly of an age with George: and Lady Eustace had the satisfaction to behold a more than common mutual fondness subsist between the children.

One delightful morning, towards the end of August, George and Cecilia, with their little friend Lucinda, whose parents lived that summer in the neighbourhood, were out sauntering in the orchard. The two little girls, of which the younger (Cecilia) was not yet quite eight years old, were arm in arm; and walking with that lovely negligence and those unstudied graces so peculiar to a state of childhood, they hummed over a delightful roundelay, then fashionable in the mouth of every songster in the village, while little George preceded them at leisure, piping on an English flute, to harmonize their discords.

What a series of delightful gambols entertained them in the orchard! But at last, our Cecilia and Lucinda both cast a longing look upon the fruit-trees round about them. In particular, an apple-tree attracted their attention. The apples had been gathered several days before; but still, a few that had been overlooked, were here
and

and there discovered hanging, and the deep vermillion that tinged them; which the leaves could not entirely hide, invited, as it were, the hand to come and take them. George sprung forward, climbed the tree which they were admiring, and threw down as many apples as his hand could reach, while the children held their aprons open to receive them.

Chance so ordered it, that two or three of what were thought the finest fell into Lucinda's lap, who piqued herself upon this accidental distribution, as she might have done with reason, had it been a pre-determined preference, since George was in reality the prettiest and politest little fellow in the place.

Lucinda, with a joy and triumph in her eyes, that looked like insult, thus addressed herself to Cecilia: "Do but see how fine and large my apples are, while yours are hardly half so handsome!" Cecilia, at these words, hung down her head, and putting on a serious countenance, kept silence during the remainder of their walk. It was in vain that George studied, by a hundred assiduities, to bring the little maiden back to reason, to spread a smile again upon

upon her clouded countenance, and to make those lips pronounce a syllable, whose prattle had till then been so agreeable.

Not long after this, Lucinda took leave when they had got upon the terrace, and were near home. Before they went in, George addressed his sister, as he always called her, asking why she seemed so angry with him? Certainly you cannot be offended, said he, that Lucinda had her share of the apples? You know very well, I have always loved you most, and would have shewed it in the tree, by throwing you the finest apples; but I know not how it chanced, my dear, they fell into Miss Lucinda's apron. Could I take them from her? Ask yourself that question. And besides, I thought you far more generous than to take offence at such a trifle! You shall see, the very first occasion that presents itself of shewing you my real sentiments, it was not my design to vex you.

Hey-dey, Mr. George! said Cecilia, and who told you that I was vexed? Suppose Miss Lucinda's apples had been even ten times finer than what I had, is that any thing to me? I am no glutton, and you
know

know that very well, sir; neither should I in the least have minded it, but for the saucy little creature's looks. I'll not endure them, that I won't; and as for you, fall down upon your knees this instant, or I will never, while I live, forgive you.

O! I cannot do that by any means, said George, (bending half his body backwards as he spoke) for by doing so, I should confess a fault with which you have no right to charge me. I am no story-teller, and must say, it is very wrong in you, Miss Cecilia, if you will not believe that I did not mean to vex you.

Very wrong in me! replied the other. Very wrong in me! What do you mean, sir? But I see why you affront me thus; it is because Miss Lucinda is your favourite. And so saying, and bestowing a contemptuous curtsy on him, while she looked another way, she went into the house in a pet.

As dinner was now ready, they sat down, but pouted at each other all the time it lasted. Cecilia did not drink even once, because she must have said, *Your good health, George*. And George, on his part, was so piqued at her injustice, that he also thought proper to preserve his dignity. And yet,
the

the little lady would steal a glance slyly every now and then at George, and from the corner of her eye, consider all his motions. As it happened, one of these sly glances met with one of George's, who was no less slyly studying Cecilia's motions. Being thus surprised, she turned immediately towards another object; and as George took this to proceed from disdain, though in reality it did not, he affected great indifference, and went on eating, just as if he did not care a farthing for her.

When the cloth was removed, and the wine and fruit brought in, unluckily poor Cecilia, mortified as she was at George's whole behaviour, replied a little disrespectfully to her mama (who had besides been obliged to ask her the question twice over,) and she was therefore ordered instantly from table. She obeyed, and bursting out into a flood of tears, withdrew, as if she knew not whither she was going. As the door was open that conducted to the garden, she passed out that way, and, as it were by instinct, went to hide her sorrow in an arbour at the bottom of it. There, while she burst out again into a flood of tears, and sighed most lamentably, she repented of
the

the quarrel that she had picked with George, who always used, upon such sad occasions, to alleviate her distress by weeping with her.

George, remaining at the table, could not think of Cecilia in disgrace, and not feel greatly for her situation. They had hardly let him take two peaches, before he set about contriving means to convey them into his pocket for poor Cecilia, whom he designed afterwards to visit in the garden, upon some pretence or other, which he did not doubt but he should be able to invent, and yet he greatly apprehended that his intention would be discovered. He pushed back his chair, and afterwards brought it forward, more than twenty times, and was continually looking down for something on the carpet. Then all of a sudden; Look at pretty Laura! look at Rover! cried he, seeming to take notice of two dogs in the apartment; and at the same time he had got a peach ready to slip into his pocket, if he could but fix my lord's and lady's observation upon something at a distance from him.

See, papa, mama, how prettily they are playing! Do but turn about; they will make you die with laughing.

Oh!

Oh! replied my lord, they will not eat one another, that I will answer for; and having just glanced at them, put himself so soon into his first position, that poor George, who thought himself that moment sure of pocketing the peach, was disconcerted, and obliged to put it down again upon the table.

Lady Eustace had observed him, and conjectured his intention; therefore, having for a while enjoyed the little boy's embarrassment, she made his lordship privy to the affair, as well as she was able, and in dumb show bade him turn his head on one side; which he did accordingly, but could not hide a smile, that notwithstanding all his gravity escaped him.

However, George, who thought himself as yet quite undiscovered, but was fearful lest this device again repeated might betray him, instantly resorted to another stratagem. He took one peach, and placed it in the hollow of his hands put both together; after which he lifted it to his mouth, and made as if he had really been eating, by an imitation of the noise and motion which people make when they are chewing.

Then,

Then, while with his left hand he luckily found means to clap his peach into a cavity that he had hollowed beforehand in the napkin on his knees, he put his right-hand out to take the other, which he served exactly in the same manner.

Some few minutes had now passed, and as it happened, my lord and lady had quite forgot little George, and were conversing with each other in their usual manner; so that George, supposing this a proper opportunity to get away, rose up from table, with both peaches in the napkin, and began to imitate the mewling of a cat, which a young shepherd boy had lately taught him; and his view in this was to engage the attention both of Laura and Rover, which he did, and put them into motion. Lady Eustace, somewhat angry at these mewings, interrupted him. "What now!" said she, and added, "Well, but George, if our discourse displeases you, I fancy, you may go and mew a little in the garden." George put on a feigned embarrassment at this reproach, which was another thing that he wanted. He runs up therefore to Laura, saying, "See, mama, she wants to bite poor Rover!"

Rover!" and in turning, he dexterously whipped the napkin all at once into his pocket, and pretended to run after Laura, with an intent to punish her. Laura scampered towards the door which Cecilia had left open, when she went into the garden, and away went master George, pursuing her.

"George! George! said Lady Eustace, pray, where are you going?" George stopped short. "My dear mama, said he, I will take a turn, if you please, in the garden. Won't you let me? I am sure you will give me leave." But afterwards, as her ladyship returned no answer, he lowered his voice, and in a suppliant manner added, "Pray, my dear mama, do let me! You shall see how well I will behave myself." "In that case, answered she, I will give you leave. Go."

What words can express the greatness of his joy! He was so joyful, that not minding how he ran, his foot slipped and he fell down. By great good luck, the peaches were not damaged in the fall. He got up again instantly, and ran to seek his sister in every nook and corner of the garden.

George

George was got by this time to the arbour, where he saw poor Cecilia wonderfully changed, and in an attitude of sorrow and repentance. She was now exceedingly unhappy. She had grieved the three best friends that she had; her worthy parents, and her own dear George.

"My sweetest Cecilia!" said George, and fell down on his knees before her. "Let us be friends: I would freely ask forgiveness for my fault, if I had really intended to displease you. Yet, if you will ask my pardon, I will ask yours also. Will you? Come, forgive, Cecilia; let us be friends again. Here, here are two nice peaches: I could not think of tasting them, as you were not to have your share."

Ah! my dearest George! (said Cecilia, squeezing his hand while she spoke, and weeping on his shoulder,) what a good, sweet-tempered little fellow I have always found you! Certainly, (continued she, and sobbed while she spoke,) certainly a friend in one's misfortunes is a real friend indeed. But I will not take your peaches. It would have been pitiful behaviour in me, had I been vexed this morning for the loss of half

a dozen apples. You do not think that I was, George, do you! No, it was the insulting look with which that pert Miss Lucinda viewed me; but I will not think about her now. Will you forgive me? added she; and with her handkerchief wiped off the tears that she had let fall on George's hand. I know, I sometimes love to plague you; put keep your peaches now, I will not eat them."

"Well, then, sister, answered George, whenever the fancy comes into your head, e'en plague me just as long as you think proper. Yet I will never let another do so. You understand me? But as to these two peaches, I cannot eat them. I have told you so already, and was never guilty of a story."

"No, nor I, (said Cecilia, and that moment flung them both away into the public road.) I cannot endure the thoughts of having made a quarrel up for interested reasons—But as we are now close friends again, how happy would it make me, if I could but get mama's permission to appear, and ask her pardon!"

"Oh! I will fly and get it for you, answered

swered George; and hardly had pronounced the words, when he was got a good way from the harbour. I will inform mama, continued he, that it was I who made you anger her, by having vexed you in the morning."

In effect, he succeeded sooner than he expected.—Indeed, what errors would not any reasonable woman overlook, in favour of a friendship so affectionate and generous.

LITTLE JACK.

MR. Churchill was returning home one day on horseback, after taking a ride about his own estate. As he passed by the wall of a burying-ground belonging to a small village, he heard the groans of a person on the other side. This worthy gentleman had a heart too full of compassion to hesitate in flying to the relief of the unfortunate person whom he heard groan. He alighted, and giving his horse to the servant who followed him, sprung over the enclosure of the burying-ground. He stood on tiptoe, and looking all around, at length
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perceived in a corner, at the farthest end, a grave covered with earth that was still quite fresh. Upon this grave lay, at his full length, a child about five years old, who was weeping. Mr. Churchill approached him with looks of kindness, and said to him, What dost thou do there, my little friend?

Child. I am calling my mother. They laid her here yesterday, and she does not get up.

Mr. Ch. That is because she is dead, my poor child.

Child. Yes, they say that she is dead, but I cannot believe it. She was so well the other day, when she left me with old Susan our neighbour; she told me she was to come back, but she does not come. My father is gone away too, and my little brother, and now the other little boys of the town won't have me.

Mr. Ch. Won't have you? why so?

Child. I do not know; but when I want to go along with them, they drive me away, and leave me by myself. And they say naughty things, too, about my father and mother. That is what vexes me most of all. O mammy get up, get up!

Mr. Churchill's eyes filled with tears. You say that your father is gone away, and your brother too; where are they gone?

Child. I do not know where my father is; and my little brother went away yesterday to another town. There came a gentleman all in black, just like our parson, and took him away.

Mr. Ch. And where do you live now?

Child. With our neighbour Susan. I am to be there until my mother comes back, as she promised me. I love my other mammy Susan very well; but (*pointing to the grave*) I love my mammy that is here a great deal better. O mother, mother! why do you lie so long? when will you get up?

Mr. Ch. My poor child, you call her in vain, for you will never awake her.

Child. Well, then, I will lie down here, and sleep by her. Ah! I saw her when they put her into a great chest to carry her away. Oh! how white she was! and how cold! I will lye down here and sleep by her.

Mr. Churchill could no longer refrain from tears. He stooped down, took the child up in his arms, and kissing him tenderly, said, What is your name, my poor little fellow?

Child.

Child. They call me Jackey when I am good, and when I am a bad boy they call me, you jack.

Mr. Churchill, though in tears, smiled at this answer. Will you take me to Susan?— Oh yes, yes, Sir, answered the child; and running before Mr. Churchill as fast as his little legs could go, conducted him to Susan's door. Susan was not a little surprised on seeing a gentleman enter her cottage with little Jack, who pointing to her, and running to hide his face in her lap, said, That is she; that is my other mammy. She knew not what to think of so extraordinary a visit. Mr. Churchill, however, did not leave her long in suspense. He explained to her the situation in which he had found the child, and the compassion that he felt for him; and at the same time requested her to favour him with every information concerning the parents of little Jack. Susan begged him to be seated, and placing herself close by him, began thus. The father of this child, Sir, is a shoemaker, whose house joins to mine. He is an honest, sober, laborious man, under thirty, and a comely person. His wife was

a handsome woman, but did not enjoy her health well. However, she was very careful, and a good housewife. They were married about seven years ago, lived vastly well together, and would have made the happiest couple in the world, if they had been a little better in their affairs. John had nothing but his trade, and Margaret being left an orphan, brought her husband only a little money that she had saved in the service of a worthy clergyman, the curate of the next parish. This little sum was laid out in buying a bed, and a few other articles of household furniture, with a small stock of leather for his work. In spite of their poverty, they contrived to maintain themselves during the first years of their marriage, by dint of labour and good management. But children came on, and then began their difficulties. Yet still they might have made it out by doubling their industry, if misfortunes had not happened to them. Poor Margaret, who had worked in the fields every day during the hay time, to bring home some money at night to her husband, fell sick of fatigue, and continued so all the harvest and all winter. Physic

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is very expensive, and then besides, the work did not go on so well, because John's customers left him one by one, as they were afraid of being ill served in a house where there was a sick wife. At last Margaret grew better, but her husband's business declined. He was obliged to borrow money to pay the apothecary; and having lost all his customers, he grew quite out of work. At the same time Margaret could earn nothing; her strength was so much reduced, that nobody could give her employment. Besides, the rent of their house, and the interest of the money that they had borrowed, came heavily upon them. They were obliged more than once to suffer hunger, and thought themselves very happy when they had a morsel of bread to give to their children. At these words little Jack withdrew into a corner, and began to sob. With all this it happened, that their hard-hearted landlord, seeing them not able to pay the rent of the two winter-quarters, threatened John to put him in gaol. They begged hard of him to have patience until the hay-making came on, because then they could earn something by working in the

fields ; but neither their entreaties nor their tears could soften him, though he is the richest man in the place. It was with much ado, that he allowed them a month's delay ; but he swore that if at the end of that time he was not paid the whole, he would sell their furniture and put John in prison. Their house was now a picture of melancholy and patient distress, capable of softening a heart of stone. You may believe me, Sir ; I have often been grieved to the soul on hearing the complaints of these good neighbours, and not being able to relieve them. I went once myself to their landlord, and prayed him to have compassion on their extremity. I offered to pawn to him all that I possessed in the world. But it was to no purpose. You are no better than they are, answered he ; this it is to have such trash of tenants as you are all together. Ah ! Sir, (*here the tears trickled down Susan's cheeks*) I bore this reproach patiently, that I might not provoke him still more ; but oh ! how I suffered in being no more than a poor widow, and in not being able to afford the least comfort to those worthy people ! How much good the rich might do if they

they had the same inclination as the poor! But to return to our unfortunate neighbours; I advised Margaret to make known her distresses to the clergyman with whom she had lived some years as an honest and worthy servant, and to beg of him to advance her some money. She answered me, that she would speak about it to her husband, but that she could hardly think of doing so, because the curate might imagine that they were reduced to want through their own bad management. Three days ago she brought me her two children as she used to do, and begged me to take care of them till the evening. She intended to go to a neighbouring village, and try if she could have some hemp from the weaver to spin, in order to clear her debt. She could never bring herself to go before the clergyman, her old master; but her husband was to go in her stead, and he had set off the same day. I took charge of the children with pleasure, for I loved them very well, having been at the birth of them. Margaret, as she was going, clasped them to her breast, and kissed them, as if it were the last time that ever she should see them. Her eyes

were swimming in tears, and she said to the eldest, Jackey, I am to be back very soon, and then I'll come and fetch you. She took me by the hand, thanked me for being so good as to look after her children, kissed them once more, and departed. A little time after, I heard an odd sort of noise in her house, that went thump, as it were; but imagining that she was gone out, I supposed it might be only the inner door clapping to, and so did not think any more about it. Well, the evening came on, it grew dark night, and I saw nothing of my neighbour. I thought I would go to her house, and see if she was gone in to lay her hemp down before she came to fetch the children. I found the door open, and went in. But, O heavens! how was I struck, on beholding Margaret stretched at her length, stone dead, at the foot of the stairs. As for me, I stood motionless, and as cold as a stone. I did not know what to do. At length, after trying in vain to recover her, I ran to the surgeon, who came, and feeling her pulse, shook his head and sent directly for the coroner. They held an inquest, the surgeon being present, to examine how she came by her death; and they brought it in
that

that she must have died suddenly; or that, having fallen into a fit, and not being able to call for help, she expired in that condition. I can easily imagine how it happened. She had returned into her own house to go up to the loft for the bag that was to hold her hemp, and as her eyes were still dimmed with tears, she had missed her step in coming down, and fallen from the top of the stairs, with her head foremost, on the ground. The bag that was beside her shewed it plainly. Yet for all that, the coroner thought otherwise. So the body was ordered to be buried the next morning before day-light in a corner of the church-yard, and an enquiry to be made after John, to know what was become of him. I proposed to the parish-officers to keep the two children myself; for though I find it hard enough to live, yet, thought I, the bounteous God knows that I am a helpless widow; and if these two children come to my charge, will surely assist me to feed them. The younger brother to this did not stay long with me. Yesterday of all days, and even not long after Margaret had been buried, did the worthy curate her old master come by chance to see her. He knocked

for some time at her door, and as nobody opened, he came to my window, and asked me what was become of John Johnson the shoemaker that lived in the next house. I told him, that if he would give himself the trouble to step in a moment, I had many things to tell him. He came in, and sat down there, just where you are. I told him all that had happened, which made him shed tears. Afterwards I told him that John had some thoughts of applying to him in his distress. He seemed surprised, and assured me positively that he had not seen John. The two children came up to him and he fondled them a good deal. Little Jack asked him if he could not awake his mother, who had been a long time asleep. The tears came into the good curate's eyes when he heard the child talk so; and he said to me, Good woman, I will send to-morrow for these two little boys, and I will keep them at home with me. If their father returns, and should be able to bring them up, I shall restore them to him whenever he requires it. In the mean time I will take charge of their education. All this was not very agreeable to me; for I love these little innocents as if I were their mother, and it would have

given me some pain to see them snatched from me so soon. Doctor, said I to him, I cannot consent to part with these children. I am used to them, and they are used to me.—Well then, my good woman, you must give me one of them, and I will leave you the other, since he is likely to be so happy with you; and from time to time, I shall send you something towards his maintenance. I could not refuse the good parson this. He asked little Jack if he should not like to go with him. What, there where my mother is? said Jack; oh yes, with all my heart.—No, my little man, I do not mean there; but to my handsome house, and my handsome garden.—No, no, let me stay here with Susan. I'll go every day to where my mother is. I would rather go there than to your handsome garden. The good gentleman did not chuse to trouble the child more, who had gone to hide himself behind the curtains of my bed. He told me that he would send his man for the youngest, who would give me more trouble than the other; and at his going, left me some money for this child. This, Sir, is all that I have to inform you of the parents of little Jack. What doubles my unea-

siness at present is, that John does not return, and that a report goes in the parish, that he is gone to join a gang of smugglers, and that his wife killed herself for grief. These stories have gained such ground in the village, that there is not one, even to the children, but talks of them; and whenever my poor Jack would go amongst the other boys, they drive him away, and are ready to beat him. The poor child is quite dull, and never stirs out now, unless to go to his mother's grave.

Mr. Churchill had listened in silence to Susan's account, and was deeply affected by it. Little Jack was come again close up to her. He looked at her with fondness, and called her several times his mother. At length Mr. Churchill said to Susan, My worthy woman, you have conducted yourself very generously towards this unfortunate family: God will not fail to reward you for it.

Susan. I have done no more than my duty. We are sent into this world to assist and relieve each other. I always thought that I could do nothing more pleasing in the sight of God for all the blessings that I have received from him, than to comfort my poor neighbours to the utmost of my power.

power. I wish I could have done more than I did! But I am possessed of nothing in the world except my cottage, a little garden where I have a few greens, and what I can earn by the work of my hands. Nevertheless, for these eight years that I have been a widow, God has always given me an honest support, and I hope will do so while I live.

Mr. Ch. But if you keep this child, the expence of maintaining him may be very inconvenient to you, before he is capable of earning his bread.

Susan. I shall always take care not to let him want. We will share even to my last morsel of bread.

Mr. Ch. And how are you to furnish him with clothes?

Susan. I leave the care of that to him who clothes the fields with grass, and the trees with leaves. He has given me fingers to sow and spin; they shall work to clothe our poor little orphan. Whosoever can pray and work, will never want.

Mr. Ch. Then you are resolved to keep little Jack with yourself.

Susan. Always, Sir; I could not live
under

under the thought of sending away this destitute infant from me, or of letting him come upon the parish.

Mr. Cb. You are, I suppose, related to his family?

Susan. No otherwise than as neighbours and fellow-christians.

Mr. Cb. Then, as I am also related to both of you, by religion and humanity, I will not suffer you alone to have all the honour of doing good to this orphan, since God has provided me with the means for it more amply than you. Commit the education of little Jack to my care; and since you are so strongly attached to each other, and that your benevolence merits my esteem as much as the child's affection for his mother, I will take you both home with me, and provide for you. Sell your garden and your cottage, and come live at my house; there you shall have a comfortable support and a home for the rest of your life.

Susan, (looking at him affectionately.) Do not be angry at me, sir. May God reward you for all your goodness! but I cannot accept your offers.

Mr. Cb.

Mr. Ch. And why?

Susan. In the first place, I am fond of the spot where I was born and have lived so long; then again, I could not suit myself to the bustle of a great house, nor to the sight of so many folks in a family; neither am I used to ease or nice living. I should fall sick if I had nothing to do, or if I eat finer food than ordinary. Let me bide therefore in my cottage with my little Jack: it will do him no harm to live a little hard. Nevertheless, if you chuse to send him now and then a small matter, to pay for his schooling, and to furnish him with tools for whatever trade he may take up, the gracious God will not fail to pay you an hundred fold; at least this boy and I will pray daily for you that he may. I have no child; he shall be instead of one to me; and what little I possess shall belong to him, whenever it pleases the Lord to call me to himself.

Mr. Ch. Well then, be it so. I do not wish that what I mean well should make you unhappy. I will leave little Jack with you, since you are so well together. Talk to him often of me, and tell him that I am
in

in the place of a father to him, while you, on the other hand, will take upon you the cares and the name of the mother for whom he grieves so much. I shall send you every month what may be sufficient for your subsistence. I will come frequently to see you ; and my visit shall be as much on your account as his.

Susan lifted up her eyes to heaven, and implored its favours on Mr. Churchill. She then said to the child, Come hither, Jacky, and ask this gentleman's blessing; he will be your father now. The little boy did so; but said presently to Susan, How can he be my daddy? he wears no apron. Mr. Churchill smiled at this innocent question of little Jack, and throwing his purse on the table, Farewel, said he, generous Susan! farewel my little friend! it shall not be long before you see me again. He then left them, and mounting his horse, took the road that led to the parish where the Curate lived who had taken home the younger orphan. He found the Curate reading a letter, on which he now and then shed tears. After the first civilities, Mr. Churchill explained the subject of his visit to the worthy
divine,

divine, and asked him if he knew what was become of the father of those two unfortunate children. Sir, answered the Curate, it is not a quarter of an hour since I received this letter, written by him to his wife. It was inclosed in one to me, and contains a small draft for the use of his wife: he requests me to deliver it to her, and to console her for his absence. As she is dead, I have opened the letter: here it is; be so kind as to read it. Mr. Churchill eagerly took the letter, and read as follows:

“ Dear wife,

“ I cannot think without uneasiness on the trouble that my absence must have occasioned you. But let me inform you of what has happened to me. Being on my way to the clergyman’s house, I began to think in this manner: Of what use will it be to me to go begging thus? I shall only get rid of one debt by contracting another, and shall gain nothing but the uneasiness of thinking how to pay it. I that am yet young, and can work, to go and ask so much money! I shall be taken either for an idle fellow, or
a drinker.

a drinker. The parson to be sure married us, and loves us as his children; but if he were to take a dislike, and refuse me! or on the other hand, if he were not able to relieve us! And then supposing that he advanced me the sum for a year, should I be sure to have it in my power to pay him? and if I did not, should not I be as bad as a thief? It would be defrauding him. Thus I reasoned, my dear Margaret, and began afterwards to think how I might extricate our affairs by acting in a juster manner. I often sighed and put up my prayers to heaven. At last it came into my head all at once; thought I, you are still a young man, you are stout and able bodied, what harm would there be if you went on board of a man of war for a few years? You can read and write, and cast accounts pretty well. You may still make a fortune for your wife and children; at least you may clear all your debts. Consider that if you have good success, and happen on some prize money, it will be the making of your wife. For above half an hour these were my thoughts, when at last I saw part of a press-gang at a distance behind me. They
soon

soon came up with me, and asked me whence I came, where I was bound, and whether I would go as a volunteer? I seemed at first not to like the sea, but they questioned me again, and promised me a bounty of five pounds. I told them that for so much I would serve during the war. Done, said they. Come along with us, my lad, and the affair shall be settled presently. They brought me before the lieutenant who asked me some questions; and I answered them so much to his satisfaction that he advanced my bounty immediately. And thus, my dear Margaret, I have entered the king's service to clear my affairs. I send you a draft for the five pounds. I would not keep a penny of it. Pay the forty shillings that we owe, and whatsoever else may be due. With the remainder do the best you can to keep house. Live well, that you may recover your strength. Clothe our children, and send them soon to school. I know that although you are handy and careful, you will not be able to make this sum last very long. But patience! my wages are 17s. 6d. *per* month; I will try if I cannot find a way to forward part of them to
you

you at the end of a few months; and whenever we arrive in harbour, I shall ask leave to go on shore on purpose to see you. My dear Margaret, do not grieve; trust in God. We may soon have a peace. I will then return to you, and we shall begin house-keeping together once more. My lieutenant has promised me to write to our churchwardens, that the parish may not be uneasy on my account. Bring up our children carefully; make them stick to home, and be fond of work. Pray with them every day, and teach them their duty, that they may grow up to be honest men; for you are very capable of instructing them well. Live in the fear of the Lord, pray to him for me, and I will pray to him in your behalf. Answer me soon. You have only to give your letter to the doctor, he knows best how to direct it. Remember me to the two boys. Tell Jack that if he is a good lad, I will bring him home something at my return. God be praised for all things. Continue still to love me, who remain

Your ever faithful husband,

JOHN JOHNSON.

Mr. Churchill's eyes were filled with tears while he read this letter. When he had finished it, This man, cried he, may truly be called a good husband, a good father, and an honest man! Sir, there is a real pleasure in contributing to the happiness of such excellent people. As to John's debts, I will pay them, and will enable him besides to take up his trade again decently. Let this money remain for the children who have cost their father dear; and let it be divided between them as soon as they are capable of doing for themselves. Till then keep it in your hands, and speak to them at times of it as of the strongest proof of a father's affection. I will pay you interest for it, to be joined with the capital; for I wish to have some part in this sacred deposit. The worthy curate was too much affected to be able to answer Mr. Churchill. The latter understood the force of his silence, and squeezing him by the hand, took his leave.

All his designs in favour of John have been executed. John, being safe returned, enjoys an easiness of circumstances which he never experienced before, and would be
the

the happiest of men, but for his grief for the loss of Margaret. He finds no other comfort, than in talking of her constantly with Susan. This worthy woman looks upon herself as his sister, and as a mother to his children. Little Jack never lets a single day pass without going to his mother's grave. He has made so good a use of Mr. Churchill's generosity, in improving himself, that this excellent gentleman has it in view to establish him in the most advantageous manner. He has taken the same care of John's younger son, and he never mounts his horse without recalling to mind this affecting incident. Whenever he meets any subject of chagrin, he goes to see the persons whom he has made happy, and always returns home relieved of every uneasy sensation.

THE LITTLE GIRL WITH WHISKERS.

“ **W**ONT you do what I bid you then, Mr. Obstinacy? Come, sir, obey; or else you will be the worse off for it, I can

can tell you." Thus Camilla, a pert little vixen of whom we are now going to give an account, was perpetually rating and commanding her poor brother.

Might her word be taken for it, he did every thing amiss: on the contrary, whatever she thought of doing, was a masterpiece of reason and of reflection. The diversions that he proposed were always dull and heavy in her judgment; but forgetting this decision, when the next day came, she would most probably chuse them herself, as the liveliest and most entertaining. Her unhappy brother was obliged, on pain of being soundly lectured, to obey her whims and fancies. If he durst attempt to shew her the unreasonableness of her procedure, she would be that moment in her airs; his play-things then were sure to go to ruin, and himself was obliged to mope, without amusement, in a corner of the room.

Camilla's parents had a hundred times endeavoured to break her of this fault. Her mother in particular, was always telling her that people never gained the love of others, if they were not complaisant and gentle; that a little girl, who would on all occasions

occasions set up her own will by way of law for others, would be found the most intolerable creature in the universe. These prudent lessons, or instructions, made no manner of impression on her heart. Her brother, sick of so much tyranny, began already to lose something of his love and kindness for her; and Camilla was so far from shaking off her domineering disposition on that account, that she became a hundred times more arbitrary and insulting.

As it chanced, a gentleman of understanding, who was always remarkably sincere and open in his speech and conduct, dined one day, upon an invitation, with Camilla's parents. He observed with what a haughty air she treated her poor little brother, nay, and every body in the room. At first through mere politeness, he kept silence; but, tired out ere long with her impertinence, he began, addressing his discourse to Mrs. Fleming, her mama, as follows: "Had I such a little girl as yours, I know what I would do."

What, sir? said Mrs. Fleming.

You shall hear, replied the gentleman. I am lately come from France, and, as I liked

liked to see the soldiers exercise, I amused myself, by visiting the grand parade where the soldiers are drawn up, as frequently as I had leisure. Among the soldiers, there were many that I observed with whiskers; and, one cannot but acknowledge, they looked very fierce, as soldiers should. Now, had I a child like your Camilla, I would give her instantly a soldier's uniform, and I would clap a pair of whiskers on her, and make her a Swiss Corporal, so that she might completely satisfy her passion for commanding.

Hearing this, Camilla stood confounded. She could not refrain from blushing, and even wept.

From that time forward, she was sensible how much a tyrannizing disposition misbecame her, and resolved to shun the mortifying consequences which it would soon or late bring down upon her. This resolution, assisted by the prudent counsels of her mother, quickly proved successful.

Such a change was doubtless very prudent on her part. It were however to be wished, for all young ladies labouring under such a fault, that they would yield obedience

to the kind instruction of their parents on his subject; and not wait till such time as a man of understanding tells them, to their face, that they would look better in a surly soldier's uniform, with whiskers, than set off with nice white cambrick frocks, like all good-natured little ladies.

THE SCAR.

FERDINAND, from nature, had received a soul endued with elevated thoughts and generous notions. He possessed a lively turn of mind, a strong and quick imagination, with a chearful temper. His whole person, in a word, and his polite behaviour, won him every heart.

However, with so many amiable qualities, he had a certain great defect, extremely inconvenient to his friends, of giving way to every slight impression, and yielding up his soul to the emotions which any accidental circumstance might raise within him.

When he sought amusement in the circle of his playmates, trifling contradictions
ruffled

ruffled his impatient disposition, and they saw the fire of rage in a moment inflame his whole countenance; he stamped upon the ground, cried out, and was beside himself with passion.

Once upon a time, as he was walking in his chamber to and fro, and meditating on the necessary preparations for a treat which his father had permitted him to give his sister, Marcian, his dear friend and favourite, intended to communicate his notions on the subject. Buried as he was in thought, he saw not Marcian. Marcian, therefore, having called out to him, but in vain, drew nearer, and began to pull him by the sleeve; but Ferdinand, disturbed and out of patience with these interruptions, unexpectedly turned round, with so much rudeness, that he sent poor Marcian quite across the apartment to fall down beside the wainscot.

Marcian, after he dropped, lay still without the least appearance of life. To which I am to add, that, in falling, he had struck his head against the moulding of a book-case, and received a wound, as Ferdinand

then fancied, in the temple, whence there came a great deal of blood.

Heavens! what a shocking prospect was this for Ferdinand! who never had intended any harm to Marcian; and for whom he would have even lost his life, if there had been occasion.

Ferdinand fell down beside him, lamentably crying out, He is dead, he is dead! I have killed my friend! Instead of trying any means for his recovery, he remained stretched all along, uttering dismal groans. Happily, his father heard him; he came running up, took Marcian in his arms, and having laid him on a bed, called out for salts, and threw cold water in his face, which recovered him a little.

The return of Marcian to new life, transported Ferdinand with joy; but, as he might relapse, it was not great enough to take away entirely his anxiety.

A surgeon being sent for, probed the wound. He found it to be not in the temple, but so very near it, that the difference of a hair's breadth in its position would have made it dangerous indeed, if not quite mortal.

mortal. Being carried home, he soon became delirious.

Ferdinand could by no means be persuaded to leave Marcian. He took up his station by his dear friend's pillow, and maintained the profoundest silence; Marcian frequently pronounced the name of Ferdinand, while his delirium lasted. My dear Ferdinand, he would say, in what had I offended you, that I should be treated thus? Yet, it is quite impossible that you should be less afflicted than myself, for having wounded me, without the least degree of provocation. Let it not, however, grieve your generous nature. I forgive you, and do you forgive me likewise, Ferdinand, for having put you, as I must have done, into a passion. It was not my wish to vex you.

This discourse, which Marcian thus addressed to Ferdinand, without observing him, though present, and even holding him continually by the hand, redoubled his affliction. Every word proceeding from the lips of Marcian, as it served but to proclaim the greatness of his friendship, was a poignard to the heart of Ferdinand.

At last, however, it pleased God, for

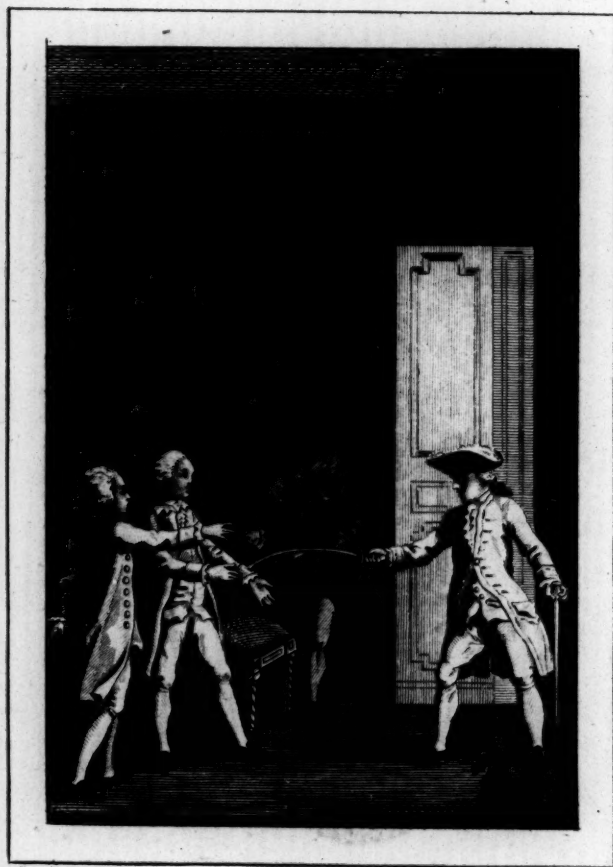
Ferdinand's great consolation, to assuage the violence of the fever. In ten days time the patient was enabled to get up.

What tongue can represent the joy of Ferdinand! It is not to be comprehended certainly by any one, unless he himself has felt beforehand, the sorrow which Ferdinand experienced all the while that he was a witness of his friend's distressful situation.

Marcian being at last thoroughly recovered, Ferdinand resumed his former cheerful humour, and not needing any other lesson than the sorrowful event that had so lately happened, laboured hard to overcome the vehemence of temper to which he had been a slave.

Marcian in a very little time had no mark of the accident remaining, but a trifling scar, as just now mentioned, near the temple. Ferdinand could never see this scar without emotion, even when they were both come to years of manhood. It became, in short, the seal of that much closer friendship in which they were ever afterwards mutually united.





Good Sc

The Sword

THE SWORD,
A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

LORD ONSBURGH.

AUGUSTUS, - *his Son,*HENRIETTA, - *his Daughter.*

ELDER RAYNTON,

YOUNGER RAYNTON,

ELDER DUDLEY,

YOUNGER DUDLEY,

} *Friends of Augustus*

CRAPE, - *a Servant to Lord Onsburch.*SCENE. *The Apartments of Augustus.*

SCENE I.

Augustus.

A HA! this is my birth-day! They did well to tell me, otherwise I should never have thought of it. Well, it will bring me some new present from papa. But, let's see, what will he give me? Crape had something under his coat when he went into papa's room. He would not let me go in with him. If I were not obliged to appear a little more sedate than usual, I

should have forced him to shew me what he was carrying. But, hark! I shall soon know it. Here comes my papa.

S C E N E II.

Lord Onsburgh, (holding in his hand a sword and belt.) Augustus.

Lord Onsb. Ah! are you there, Augustus? I have already wished you joy of your birthday; but that is not enough, is it?

Aug. Oh! papa—but what have you in your hand there?

Lord Onsb. Something that I fear will not become you well. A sword; look ye!

Aug. What! is it for me? Oh! give it to me, dear papa; I will be *so* good and *so* diligent for the future—

Lord Onsb. Ah! if I thought that! But do you know that a sword requires a man? That he must be no longer a child who wears one, but should conduct himself with circumspection and decency; and, in short, that it is not the sword that adorns the man, but the man that adorns the sword.

Aug. Oh! never fear me. I shall adorn mine,

mine, I warrant! and I'll have nothing to say to those mean persons——

Lord Onsb. Whom do you call those mean persons?

Aug. I mean those who cannot wear a sword and a bag: those who are not of the nobility, as you and I are.

Lord Onsb. For my part, I know no mean persons but those who have a wrong way of thinking, and a worse of conducting themselves; who are disobedient to their parents, rude and unmannerly to others: so that I see many mean persons among the nobility, and many noble amongst those whom you call mean.

Aug. Yes, I think in the same manner.

Lord Onsb. What were you talking then just now, of a bag and sword? Do you think that the real advantages of nobility consist in those fopperies? They serve to distinguish ranks, because it is necessary that ranks should be distinguished in the world. But the most elevated rank only adds more disgrace to the man unworthy to fill it.

Aug. So I believe papa. But it will be

no disgrace to me to have a sword, and to wear it.

Lord Onsb. No. I mean that you can render yourself worthy of this distinction no otherwise than by your good behaviour. Here is your sword, but remember——

Aug. Oh! yes, papa. You shall see! (*He endeavours to put the sword by his side, but cannot. Lord Onsburgh helps him to buckle it on.*)

Lord Onsb. Eh! why it does not fit so ill.

Aug. Does it now? Oh! I knew that.

Lord Onsb. It becomes you surprisngly. But, above all things, remember what I told you. Good bye! (*Going, he returns.*) I had forgot. I have just sent for your little party of friends to spend this day with you. Observe to behave yourself suitably.

Aug. Yes, papa.

S C E N E III.

Augustus.

(*He struts up and down the stage, and now and then looks back to see if his sword hangs behind him.*) This is fine! this is being something like a gentleman! let any of your citizens

tizens come in my way now. No more familiarity if they do not wear a sword; and if they take it amiss—Aha!—out with my rapier. But hold! let us see first if it has a good blade, (*drawing his sword and using furious gestures.*) What, does that tradesman mean to affront me?—One,—two!—Ah! you defend yourself, do you?—Die, scoundrel!

SCENE IV.

Henrietta, Augustus.

Henrietta, (who screams on hearing those last words.) Bless me! Augustus, are you mad!

Aug. Is it you, sister?

Henrietta. Yes, you see it is. But what do you do with that instrument? (*pointing to the sword.*)

Aug. Do with it? what a gentleman should do.

Henrietta. And who is he that you are going to send out of the world?

Aug. The first that shall dare to take the wall of me!

Henrietta. I see there are many lives in
E 6 danger.

danger. And if I should happen to be the person—

Aug. You?—I would not advise you. I wear a sword now you see. Papa made me a present of it.

Henrietta. I suppose to go and kill people, right or wrong.

Aug. An't I the honourable? If they do not give me the respects due, smack, a box on the ear: and if your little commoner will be impertinent,—sword in hand—(*going to draw it.*)

Henrietta. Oh! leave it in quiet, brother. And lest I should run the risque of affronting you unknowingly, I wish to be informed what the respect is that you demand.

Aug. You shall soon see. My father has just sent for some of my young acquaintance. If those little puppies do not behave themselves respectfully, you shall see how I will manage.

Henrietta. Very well; but I ask you what we must do to behave ourselves respectfully towards you?

Aug. In the first place, I insist upon a low bow; very low.

Henrietta, (*with an affected gravity making him*

him a low curtsy.) Your lordship's most humble servant. Was that well?

Aug. No joking, Henrietta, if you please, or else—

Henrietta. Nay, I am quite serious, I assure you. We must take care to know and perform our duty to respectable persons. It would not be amiss to inform your little friends too.

Aug. Oh! I will have some sport with those fellows; give one a pull, t'other a pinch, and play all sorts of tricks on them.

Henrietta. Those, I take it, are some of the duties of a gentleman that wears a sword; but if those *fellows* should not like the sport, and return it on the gentleman's ears—

Aug. What! low vulgar blood? No, they have neither hearts nor swords.

Henrietta. Really, papa could not have given you a more useful present. He saw plainly what a hero was concealed in the person of his son, and that he wanted but a sword to shew him in his proper light.

Aug. Hark ye, sister! it is my birth-day, we must divert ourselves. However, you will not say any thing of it to papa.

Henrietta.

Henrietta. Why not? he would not have given you a sword, if he did not expect some exploit of this sort from a gentleman newly equipt. Would he have advised you otherwise?

Aug. Certainly! you know that he is always preaching to me.

Henrietta. What has he been preaching to you, then?

Aug. I don't know, not I. That I should adorn my sword, and not my sword me.

Henrietta. In that case you understood him properly, I must say. To adorn one's sword, is to know how to make use of it; and you are willing to shew already that you have that knowledge.

Aug. Very well, sister! You think to joke; but I would have you to know, madam—

Henrietta. Oh! I know extremely well, all that you can tell me; but do you know too, that there is one principal ornament wanting to your sword?

Aug. What is that? (*Unbuckles the belt, and looks all over the sword.*) I do not see that there is the least thing wanting.

Henrietta. Really, you are a very clever swordsman. But a sword-knot now? Ah!
how

how a blue and silver knot would dangle from that hilt!

Aug. You are right, Henrietta. Hark ye! you have a whole band-box full of ribbands in your room; so—

Henrietta. I was thinking of it; provided that you do not give me a specimen of your fencing, or lay your blade about me in return.

Aug. Nonsense! here is my hand, that is enough, you have nothing to fear. But quick,—a handsome knot! When my little party comes, they shall see me in all my grandeur.

Henrietta. Give it to me, then.

Aug. (*giving her the sword.*) There, make haste! You will leave it in my room, on the table, that I may find it when I want it.

Henrietta. Depend on me.

SCENE V.

Augustus, Henrietta, Crape.

Crape. The two Master Dudleys, and the Master Rayntons, are below.

Aug. Well! cannot they come up? Must
I go

I go to receive them at the bottom of the stairs?

Crape. My lady ordered me to tell you to come and meet them.

Aug. No, no; it is better to wait for them here.

Henrietta. Nay, but since mama desires that you will go down—

Aug. Indeed, they are worth all that ceremony! Well, I shall go directly. Come, what are you doing? Will this make my sword-knot? Go, run, and let me find it on my table, properly done. (*Going out,*) Do you hear?

SCENE VI.

Henrietta.

The little insolent fellow! in what a tone he speaks to me! Luckily I have the sword. A proper instrument, indeed, in the hand of such a quarrellsome boy! Yes, yes, stay till I return it to you. My papa does not know you so well as I; but he must be told—O! here he is.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Lord Onsb. Henrietta.

Henrietta. You are come in good time, papa. I was going to you.

Lord Onsb. What have you then of so much consequence to tell me?—But what do you do with your brother's sword?

Henrietta. I have promised him to put a handsome knot to it; but it was only to get this dangerous weapon out of his hands. Do not give it to him again, whatever you do.

Lord Onsb. Why should I take back a present that I have given him?

Henrietta. At least be so good as to keep it until he becomes more peaceable. I just now found him all alone, laying about him like Don Quixote, and threatening to make his first trial of fencing upon his companions that come to see him.

Lord Onsb. The little quarreller! If he will use it for his first exploits, they shall not turn out to his honour, I promise you. Give me this sword.

Henrietta.

Henrietta, (gives him the sword.) There, Sir. I hear him on the stairs.

Lord Onsb. Run, make his knot, and bring it to me when it is ready. *(They go out.)*

S C E N E VIII.

Augustus, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, elder Raynton, younger Raynton.

(Augustus enters first, with his hat on; the others follow him, uncovered.)

Elder Dudley, (aside to elder Raynton.) This is a very polite reception.

Elder Raynton, (aside to elder Dudley.) I suppose it is the fashion now to receive company with one's hat on, and to walk before them, in one's own house.

Aug. What are you mumbling there?

Elder Dudley. Nothing, Mr. Onsburg; nothing.

Aug. Is it something that I should not hear?

Elder Raynton. Perhaps it may.

Aug. Now I insist upon knowing it.

Elder Raynton. When you have a right to demand it.

Elder

Elder Dudley. Softly, Raynton, it does not become us in a strange house——

Elder Raynton. It is still less becoming, to be unpolite in one's own house.

Aug. (haughtily.) Unpolite? I unpolite? Is it because I walked before you?

Elder Raynton. That is the very reason. Whenever we have the honour to receive your visits, or those of any other person, we never take the precedence.

Aug. You only do your duty. But from you to me——

Elder Raynton. What then, from you to me?——

Aug. Are you noble?

Elder Raynton, (to the two Dudleys and his brother.) Let us leave him to himself, with his nobility, if you will take my advice.

Elder Dudley. Fie, Mr. Onsburg! If you think it beneath your dignity to keep company with us, why invite us here? We did not ask that honour.

Aug. It was not I that invited you; it was my papa.

Elder Raynton. Then we will go to my lord and thank him for his civility. At the same time we shall let him know that his
son

son thinks it a dishonour to receive us. Come, brother!

Aug. (stopping him.) You cannot take a joke, Master Raynton. Why, I am very happy to see you. It was to do me a pleasure that papa invited you, for this is my birth-day. I beg you will stay with me.

Elder Dudley. That is another affair. But be more polite for the future. Though I have not a title, as you have, yet I will not suffer any one to offend me, without resenting it.

Elder Dudley. Be quiet, Raynton! We should continue good friends.

Younger Dudley. This is your birth-day, then, Mr. Onsburg?

Elder Dudley. I wish you many happy returns of it.

Elder Raynton. So do I, sir; and all manner of prosperity. (*Aside.*) And particularly that you may grow a little more polite.

Younger Raynton. I suppose you have had several handsome presents?

Aug. Oh! of course.

Younger Dudley. A great deal of cakes and sweetmeats, no doubt?

Aug.

Aug. Ha! ha! cakes, that would be pretty, indeed. I have those every day.

Younger Raynton. Ah! then, I'll wager, it is in money. Two or three crowns? eh!

Aug. (disdainfully.) Something better, and which I alone of all here—yes, I alone, have a right to wear.

(Elder Raynton and elder Dudley converse aside.)

Younger Raynton. If I had what has been given you, I could wear it as well as another, perhaps.

Aug. (looking at him with an air of contempt) Poor creature! *(To the two elder brothers.)* What are you both whispering there again? I think you should assist to amuse me.

Elder Dudley. Only furnish us with the means.

Elder Raynton. A person that receives friends should study their amusement.

Aug. What do you mean by that, Mr. Raynton?

SCENE IX.

Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, Augustus, Henrietta.

Henriet. (bringing in a plate with cakes.)
Your servant, gentlemen; I am glad to see you well.

Elder Raynton. Much at your service, Ma'am, (*bowing to her.*)

Elder Dudley. We are happy to see you amongst our party.

Henrietta. Sir, you are very obliging.—(*To Augustus.*) Brother, mama has sent you this to entertain your friends, until the chocolate is ready. Crape will bring it up presently, and I shall have the pleasure of helping you.

Elder Raynton. You will do us a great deal of honour.

Aug. We do not want you here!—But now I think of it—my sword-knot!

Henrietta. You will find the sword and the knot in your room. Good bye, gentlemen, until I see you again.

Elder Raynton. Shall we soon have the favour of your company, Miss Onsturg?

Henrietta. I am going to ask my mama's leave.

SCENE X.

Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, Augustus.

Augustus, (sitting down.) Come, take chairs, and sit down. (*They look at each*

other, and sit down without speaking. Augustus helps the two youngest, and then himself so plentifully, that nothing remains for the two eldest.) Stop a moment! They will bring in more, and then I'll give you some!

Elder Raynton. Oh! no; we do not desire it.

Aug. Oh! with all my heart.

Elder Dudley. If this be the politeness of a young nobleman—

Aug. Is it with such as you that one must stand upon ceremony? I told you before, that they will bring us up something else. You may take it when it comes, or not take it. You understand that?

Elder Raynton. Yes, that is plain enough, and we see plainly too in what company we are.

Elder Dudley. Are you going to begin your quarrels again? Mr. Onsburg, Raynton, fie! (*Augustus rises; all the rest rise also.*)

Aug. (*going up to the elder Raynton.*) In what company are you then, my little cit?

Elder Raynton. (*firmly.*) With a young nobleman that is very rude and very impudent; who values himself more than he ought
and

and who does not know how well-bred people should behave one to the other.

Elder Dudley. We are all of the same opinion.

Aug. I rude and impudent? Tell me so, who am a gentleman?

Elder Raynton. Yes, I say it again; very rude, and very impudent; though you were a duke, though you were a prince.

Aug. (striking him.) I'll teach you to whom you are talking! (*Elder Raynton goes to lay hold on him. Augustus slips back, goes out, and shuts the door after him.*)

SCENE XI.

Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley.

Elder Dudley. Bless me, Raynton, what have you done? He will go to his father, and tell him a thousand stories. What will he think of us?

Elder Raynton. His father is a man of honour. I will go to him, if Augustus does not. He certainly has not invited us here to be ill-treated by his son.

Younger

Younger Dudley. He will send us home, and make a complaint against us.

Younger Raynton. No ; my brother behaved himself properly. My papa will approve what he has done, when we tell him the whole. He does not understand having his children ill used.

Elder Raynton. Come with me. Let us all go and find Lord Onsburch.

S C E N E XII.

Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, Augustus.

(*Augustus enters with his sword undrawn, The two younger boys run, one into a corner, and the other behind an arm-chair. Elder Raynton and elder Dudley stand firm.*)

Aug. (going up to elder Raynton.) Now I'll teach you, insolent puppy—(*Draws, and instead of a blade, finds a long turkey's feather. He stops short in confusion. The little ones burst into a loud laugh, and come up.*)

Elder Raynton. Come on ! Let us see the temper of your sword !

Elder Dudley. Do not add to his confusion. He only deserves contempt.

Younger Raynton. Aha! this was it, then, that you alone had a right to wear?

Younger Dudley. He will do no great harm to any body with that terrible weapon.

Elder Raynton. I could punish you now for your rudeness, but I should blush to take such a revenge.

Elder Dudley. He is no longer worthy of our company. Let us all leave him to himself.

Younger Raynton. Good bye to you, Mr. Knight of the Turkey's Feather.

Younger Dudley. We shall not come here again until you be disarmed, for you are too terrible now. (*As they are going, elder Raynton stops them.*)

Elder Raynton. Let us stay and give an account of our behaviour to his father, otherwise appearances will be against us.

Elder Dudley. You are right. What would he think of us, were we to leave his house thus, without seeing him.

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

Lord Onsburgh, Augustus, elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley.

(They all put on an air of respect, at the entrance of Lord Onsburgh. Augustus goes aside, and cries for spite.)

Lord Onsburgh, (to Augustus, looking at him with indignation.) What is this, Sir, that I hear? *(Augustus sobs, and cannot speak.)*

Elder Raynton. My lord, you will pardon this disturbance that appears amongst us. It was not caused by us. From the first moment of our coming, Mr. Onsburgh received us so ill—

Lord Onsb. Do not be uneasy, my dear little friend. I know all. I was in the next room, and heard, from the beginning, my son's unbecoming discourse. He is the more blamable, as he had just been making me the fairest promises. I have suspected his impertinence for a long time, but I wished to see, myself, how far he was capable of carrying it; and for fear of mischief, I put a blade to his sword, that, as you see, will

not spill much blood. (*The Children burst out a laughing.*)

Elder Raynton. Excuse the freedom, my lord, that I took, in telling him the truth a little bluntly.

Lord Onsb. I rather owe you my thanks for it. — You are an excellent young gentleman, and deserve, much better than he does, to wear this badge of honour. As a token of my esteem and acknowledgment, accept this sword; but I will first put a blade to it that may be more worthy of you.

Elder Raynton. Your lordship is too good; but allow us to withdraw. Our company may not be agreeable to Mr. Onlburgh to-day.

Lord Onsb. No, no, my dear boys, you shall stay. My son's presence shall not disturb your pleasure. You may divert yourselves together, and my daughter shall take care to provide you with whatever may amuse you. Come with me into another apartment. As for you, Sir, (*To Augustus,*) do not offer to stir from this place. You may celebrate your birth-day here all alone. You shall never have a sword, until you deserve it, if you were even to grow old without wearing one.

T H E

THE SILK SLIP.

LITTLE Matilda had worn nothing but a plain white frock, till she was eight years old. Neat red Morocco shoes, with silver buckles, set off her small feet; her ebon air, which had never yet felt the torturing iron, floated in large curls upon her shoulders.

She had been one day in the company of certain little girls, who, though not older than herself, were dressed already like great ladies; and the richness of their clothes awakened in her heart the first vain notions that she had ever had within it.

Dear mama, said she, returning from the house where she had met with these fine ladies, I have seen this afternoon the three Miss Flowerdales. I suppose, you know them. The eldest of them must be younger than myself. O dear mama, how sweetly they were dressed! Their parents, sure, must have a deal of pleasure, seeing them so fine! I dare say, they are not so rich as you; so give me, if you please, a fine silk slip, with such embroidered shoes as they had on; and

let my hair be dressed by Mr. Frizzle, who, they tell me, is extremely clever.

The Mother. I desire no better, if it will contribute to your satisfaction; but I fear, with all this elegance, you will find yourself not quite so happy as you have been hitherto, in the simplicity of such plain things as you generally wore.

Matilda. And why so, mama?

The Mother. Because you will be eternally afraid of spotting, and even of rumpling what you wear. A dress so elegant as that of the Miss Flowerdales' will require the greatest care and attention in the wear, that it may do you honour. If it gets one spot, the beauty will be lost for ever, as one cannot put it in the wash-tub to recover its first lustre; and however rich you may suppose me, I shall not be rich enough to let you have a new silk slip whenever you may want one.

Matilda. Oh! if that be all mama, do not make yourself uneasy. I will be very careful of it.

The Mother. Will you? Well then, I will give you such a dress; but still, remember

member that I have hinted what uneasiness your vanity may cause you.

Unpersuaded by the wisdom of this counsel, Matilda did not lose a moment in destroying all the pleasure and enjoyment of her infancy. Her air, which had till then hung down at liberty, was now to be confined in paper, and squeezed close between a burning hot pair of tongues ; and that fine jet, which had till now so happily set off the whiteness of her forehead, was to disappear beneath a clot of powder and pomatum.

Two days after, Matilda had a handsome slip brought home, of pea-green taffety, with fine pink trimmings, and a pair of straw-worked shoes to match them. The taste that appeared in her clothes, their vivid colour and elegance of make—charmed the eye ; but when she had them on, it was evident that her limbs were under great constraint ; her motions had no longer their accustomed ease and freedom ; and her infant countenance, amidst so vast a quantity of flowers, silk, gauze, and ribbands, lost entirely every trace of ingenuous simplicity.

She was, notwithstanding, quite en-

chanted at her metamorphosis. Her eyes, with mighty satisfaction, wandered over her whole little person, and were never taken off, except when she looked round about her, to find out some glass in the apartment that might represent before her, at full length, the idol she then worshipped.

She had wrought on her mama to send out cards of invitation to her little friends, that when they came to visit her she might enjoy a feast, in viewing their surprise and admiration. When they had all met together, she strutted about before them like a peacock; and from her behaviour, any one would have imagined that she supposed herself an empress, and considered those about her as subjected to her empire.

But, alas! this triumph was but of a very short duration, and a multitude of mortifying circumstances followed it.

The children were permitted to go out a walking in the fields, near that part of the town where she lived. Matilda therefore led the way, and they reached, in ten or fifteen minutes, a delightful country.

A luxuriant meadow first of all attracted their attention. It was every where enamelled

melled with a vast variety of charming flowers, and butterflies, whose wings were of a thousand mingled colours, hovered in each quarter of it. The gay little ladies hunted these fine butterflies; they dextrously caught, but did not hurt them; and when once they had examined all their beauty, let them go, and with their eyes pursued the little creatures as they fluttered here and there. They employed themselves in making nosegays likewise of the flowers that sprung up in the meadow, which they gathered for that purpose.

Matilda, who from pride had first of all disdained these mean amusements, wanted very soon to share the entertainment that they afforded; but the ground, they told her, might be damp, in which case she would stain her shoes, and damage her fine slip; for they had now discovered that her intention, in thus bringing them together, was to vex them only with a sight of her fine clothes, and they resolved to mortify her in their turn.

She was of course obliged to be solitary, and sit still; while she observed the sprightly cheerfulness of her companion who sported

round about her. The delight of contemplating on her pea-green slip, was, in comparison, a very sorry kind of entertainment.

At the corner of the meadow, there was a sort of little grove, in which was to be heard the music of a thousand birds, that seemed as if inviting every person who went through the meadow, to go thither, and enjoy the coolness of the shade. This grove our children entered, jumping as they went along with joy. Poor Matilda would have followed them, but she was told that the bushes would tear all her finery to pieces. She observed her friends diverting themselves at *puffs in the corner*, and pursuing each other through the trees. The more she heard them shout with joy, the more, as any one might have expected, she was peevish and ill-humoured.

But the youngest of her visitors had some sort of compassion on her. She had just found out a corner where there grew a quantity of fine wild strawberries, and therefore beckoned to her to come and eat part of them. She would willingly have done so, but had scarcely got into the grove, when unexpectedly a loud cry was heard. The children

children gathered to the spot, and found poor Matilda fastened by the gauze upon her hat and ribbands, to a branch of white thorn, from which she could not by any means disengage herself. They made haste to loose the pins that held her hat on; but to add to her affliction, as her hair, which had been frizzed with so much labour, was likewise entangled with the branch of white thorn, it cost her almost a whole lock before she could be set at liberty; and thus all at once, the charming superstructure of her head-dress was absolutely pulled to pieces.

'Tis not difficult to guess how little this misfortune thus befalling Matilda touched her playfellows, when they found, as we have said already, why she had invited them. Instead of consolation, which she needed, and perhaps expected, they could hardly keep from laughing at her comical appearance, and did actually jeer her with a hundred wicked witticisms. After having smoothed her down a little, they ran off in search of fresh amusement, towards a hill that they saw at some small distance from them.

Matilda, however, could not, without great difficulty, reach this hill. Her strait

shoes, which had been made so to set off her little feet the better, were a great obstruction to her speed; nor was this all the mischief, for her stays were drawn so close that she could not easily fetch breath. She would have now been happy to go home and change her dress, in order to be at ease; but then she knew that her little friends would never have consented, upon her account, to be deprived of their amusement.

They had got by this time to the summit of the hill, and were enjoying the fine view which a spacious horizon presented them on every side. They saw on one hand verdant meadows; on the other, yellow harvests; before them rivulets meandering through the country; and by way of termination to the landscape, a large river, on whose banks were situated many pleasant country houses. So magnificent a prospect charmed them. They even danced about with joy, while Matilda, at the bottom of the hill, (for she was absolutely out of breath, and could not possibly get further,) was devoured with sorrow.

She had time and opportunity enough, in such a situation, to make many sad reflections.

flections. To what purpose, said she to herself, are these fine clothes ! how much pleasure do they prevent me from enjoying ! and what pain do I suffer, merely from having put them on !

She was giving up her mind to these afflicting thoughts, when suddenly she heard her friends come running down the hill, and all cry out together, as they passed her, Run, run, Matilda, there is a dreadful storm behind the hill ; it is coming towards us ! if you do not make haste, your slip will soon be wet quite through !

Matilda felt her strength returning, at the fear of such a great misfortune as her play-mates threatened. She forgot her weariness, her pinched feet, and her tight lacing, and made tolerable haste to reach some place of shelter. But in spite of all her efforts to shun so grievous a misfortune as the spoiling of her clothes, she could not run so fast as her companions, who were lightly dressed. Then, too, every moment she was stopped, at one time, by her hoop and flounces in the narrow paths, by which she was obliged to go ; at another, by her train, which was frequently caught
fast

fast by the furze; and at others by the fine scaffold work about her head, on which the wind bent down the branches of those trees, under which she was forced to pass in her way homeward.

At that moment too the storm burst forth in all its fury; and there fell a shower of hail and rain mixed together, after all but Matilda had regained their several habitations.

In the end, however, Matilda got home likewise, but wet through and through. She had besides left one of her fine shoes behind her in a heap of dung, which, as she hurried homeward, she had scrambled over without seeing it; and to increase the list of her disasters, she had not quite cleared the meadow, when a gust of wind blew off her hat into the middle of a dirty pool of water.

They had all the trouble that one can possibly imagine to undress her; so much had the heat and rain even glued her shift and other garments to her body; so that her whole dress was spoiled, and absolutely good for nothing.

Shall I have another slip, my dear, made
up





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up for you against to-morrow? said her mother drily, seeing her in tears.

O no, mama, said Matilda, kissing her: I am convinced, fine clothes can never make the wearer of them happy. Let me take up with my nice white frock again; and have no more pomatum in my hair, till I am eight or ten years older than at present; and forgive my folly.

Matilda, with the dress of childhood, came again into the full possession of her liberty, and seemed as modest and as charming as she had ever been. Neither did her dear mama regret the loss that she had experienced in the purchase of this fine silk slip, &c. since it proved the means of reinstating her beloved daughter in the happiness which her vanity and folly would have taken from her, without the assistance of this useful lesson.

THE LAMB.

LITTLE Flora, the daughter of a poor countryman, was seated one morning by the side of the road, holding
on

on her lap a porringer of milk for her breakfast, in which she sopped a few slices of coarse black bread. Just then a farmer was passing the road, who had in his cart about a score of lambs that he was going to sell at the market. These poor creatures, crowded one upon the other, with their feet tied together and their heads hanging down, filled the air with plaintive bleatings, which pierced the heart of Flora, but were heard by the farmer with an ear of unconcern.

When he was come up opposite to the little country girl he threw down before her a lamb which he was carrying across his shoulder. "There, my girl, said he, is a good-for-nothing beast that has just died, and made me five shillings the poorer. Take it, if you will, and make a stew of of it."

Flora quitted her breakfast, laid down her porringer and her bread, and taking up the lamb, began to examine it with looks of compassion. "But, said she immediately, why should I pity you? To-day or to-morrow they would have run a great knife through your throat, while now you have

have nothing more to fear." While she was speaking thus, the lamb revived by the warmth of her arms, opened its eyes a little, made a slight motion, and cried *baa* faintly, as if it was calling its mother. It would be difficult to express the little girl's joy. She covered the lamb with her apron, and over that with her stuff petticoat, bent her breast down towards her lap to warm it still more, and blew with all her force into its nostrils and mouth. She felt the poor animal stir by degrees, and at each of its motions she felt her own heart throb. Encouraged by this first success, she crumbled some soft bread into her porringer, and taking it up in her fingers, with some difficulty forced it between its teeth which were shut fast. The lamb, which was dying only through hunger, felt itself a little strengthened by this nourishment. It began now to stretch its limbs, to shake its head, to wag its tail, and to prick up its ears. It had soon strength enough to support itself upon its legs, and then went of its own accord to Flora's porringer, who smiled to see it drink up her breakfast. In short, before a quarter of an hour was past,
it

it had already played a thousand little gambols.

Flora, transported with joy, took it up in her arms, and running to the cottage, shewed it to her mother. Ba-ba (so she named it) became from that moment the object of all her cares. She shared with it the little bread which was given her for her meals, and would not have exchanged it for the largest flock in the neighbourhood. Ba-ba was so greatly sensible of her fondness, that she never quitted Flora a single step: she would come to eat out of her hand, would frisk round her, and whenever she was obliged to go out without her, would bleat most pitifully.

This was not the only recompence with which Heaven repaid Flora's compassionate tenderness. Ba-ba brought forth young lambs, and these others in their turn: so that in a few years after, Flora had a pretty flock that nourished all her family with their milk, and furnished them comfortable clothing from their wool.

THE VETERAN DISMISSED
WITH HONOUR.

A DRAMA in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

AN OFFICER, *attending him.*

CAPTAIN, and MRS. GREVILLE.

DOUGLAS,

EUGENIA,

MARY ANNE,

} *their Children.*

The SCENE is at the entrance of a grove, before the house of Captain Greville, somewhat distant from the road.

SCENE I.

Douglas and Eugenia.

Eugenia is discovered sitting on a trunk, and picking strawberries. Beside her lies her straw hat to hold the strawberries when picked. Douglas brings her more in his. Both hats are neatly lined with leaves.

Douglas. **L**OOK ye, sifter, we shall quickly have enough.

Eugenia. I do not know, Douglas, how I shall dispose of mine; my hat is too full already.

Douglas.

Douglas. Mary Anne cannot be long before she brings the bushel; and indeed she might have gone into the house, found one, and returned in much less time than this. However, in the mean time, Eugenia, put them in your apron.

Eugenia. Yes, Yes; that would make fine work indeed. To spot it all from top to bottom! What do you suppose mama would say? and therefore I have thought of something else. Your hat is biggest; so I will add my strawberries to yours, and you shall go and gather more, while I am picking these.

Douglas. Well said, indeed; and by that time, Mary Anne cannot fail to come, and then we shall have got enough.

Eugenia. When they are all together, we shall see.

Douglas. What is over when the baskets are filled, we will take for ourselves.

Eugenia. I think, we shall not have much appetite to taste them afterwards. Ah, brother! it is the last time that we shall eat with our papa this year, and who can tell whether we shall ever see him more.

Douglas.

Douglas. Oh! do not be dejected, sister. Every one is not killed in a battle.

Eugenia. Oh frightful war! if men were not so wicked, but would love each other, just as we do——

Douglas. Mighty fine, indeed! And do not we quarrel every day for trifles? We each think ourselves in the right; and frequently it would puzzle any one to find which is. It is just the same among grown men.

Eugenia. They ought at least, then, to be friends again, as soon as we are. Our worst quarrels never come to bloodshed.

Douglas. No; because our parents settle them: but men, *Eugenia*, are not children; and won't let themselves be governed, if they have but arms. And in fact, is it right that we should suffer any one to injure us, without resisting?

Eugenia. You are always talking like a soldier!

Douglas. A good reason why; because I am to be one. Look ye, sister; notwithstanding any thing that you say against it, war is a very charming thing. Without it, how do you imagine that we should live;
would

would our papa's fortune be sufficient to support us? But do not weep. You grieve me.

Eugenia. Let me weep, dear brother, while we are alone. I had much rather do so here, than in the presence of papa, for I know, it would afflict him

Douglas. Come, come; dry your eyes, and set to work for some amusement. I will go and fill your hat.

Eugenia. Go that way; we have left none hereabouts. (*Douglas goes out, and after a moment's silence, she goes on.*) I would I were but learned enough, that I might pray to God, for he would hear me. Or at least, if I were big enough, I would go to court, and fall before the king; and he, I am sure, would grant me my papa's dismissal, when I begged and prayed him to oblige me. He has served his country long enough, I think. (*She sets about picking her strawberries again.*)

SCENE II

Eugenia, Lord Cornwallis, the Officer.

Lord C. (whispering the officer.) Yonder is the house where we were told Captain

Greville lives: he will be very much surprised and pleased with what I bring him; a dismissal from the service with such honour. But, what charming little girl is this? I will stop and have a little conversation with her; so do not you address me by my name. (*To Eugenia, tapping her upon the shoulder.*) Why, you are very hard at work, I see, my pretty child.

Eugenia. Oh! sir, you frightened me.

Lord C. I ask your pardon then, my dear. I did not mean to do so. And for whom are you gathering all these strawberries? They cannot but be very fine, I think, as they are picked by such a plump and snowy hand.

Eugenia, (holding out her hat.) I beg, then, you will take some, sir. Do not be afraid; for they are very clean. I only wish I had a better plate to put them into. (*Lord C. takes two or three, as does the officer.*)

Lord C. I never tasted any better: do you sell them, little dear?

Eugenia. No, sir; though you were to give me—I cannot tell how much.

Lord C. You are in the right: they are above all value, being gathered by so sweet a little hand.

Eugenia.

Eugenia. Fie! fir, how you talk! no, it is not for that: they should be at your service, were they not intended for (*wiping her eyes*) my dear papa. We have not gathered any for him yet this season; and perhaps, these are to be the last that he will taste.

Lord C. What, my dear, is he ill then; and you think that he will die?

The Officer. His illness, however, it is to be hoped, is not yet quite desperate, since he thinks of eating strawberries.

Eugenia. No, not that. It is true, indeed, he has been troubled with the rheumatism, all last winter, to a very great degree; and is not yet quite cured. But cured or not, he must set out to-morrow.

Lord C. And pray why is his departure then so needful?

Eugenia. Oh, because his regiment then goes through the village; and he must join it on the march.

Lord C. His regiment?

Eugenia. Yes, my Lord Cornwallis's. that is going to America.

Lord C. (aside to the Officer.) I would lay you any wager, this is one of Captain Greville's children.

Eugenia.

Eugenia. (*overbearing him.*) Yes, that is my papa's name.—Do you know him?

Lord C. Know him? Why, the gentleman and I are both his comrades.

Eugenia. What! and is the regiment so near then?—Will it go through the town to-day?

Lord C. No, not till to-morrow. We are come, my dear, before it, and—and—(*aside to the Officer.*) What excuse can I invent to serve my purpose?—And a wheel belonging to our carriage being broke hard by, we thought to get a little shade here, while it was mending. And now every thing, I fancy, must be set to rights. This path, I take it, leads directly to the road again.

Eugenia. No, sir; it takes you to the village.

Lord C. And the village, I suppose, belongs to your papa?

Eugenia. Belongs to him? I wish, indeed, he were so rich: he has nothing but a little cottage, with a garden, this small grove, and yonder meadow. When he is not at the regiment, he passes all his time here with us.

Lord C. He was ill then, in the winter?

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Eugenia.

Eugenia. Yes indeed, sir, to our sorrow; and he could not move a limb. Besides, a wound which he received many years ago, below the temple, has broke out afresh; and now that he is almost well, he must be forced to go again, to meet with new misfortunes.

Lord C. In such a situation, why does not he sell out? He might procure sufficient attestations from the surgeon.

Eugenia. Oh, mama did that in private for him; but her letters never yet were answered. Certainly the king refuses to believe her; or perhaps, *that* Lord Cornwallis who commands the regiment, is so cruel—

Lord C. Truly, I believe, my Lord Cornwallis would not like to lose so good an officer as your papa, by whose instructions I myself and all the younger officers may learn so much.

Eugenia. And yet, you do not appear so very young; but are your papa and mama still living?

Lord C. (*a little disconcerted*) Do you doubt it?

Eugenia.

Eugenia. Oh, I warrant you, they cried at parting with you. How could they consent to lose you? I remember how much grief it caused mama and us, when first my eldest brother went abroad to study; and that is nothing in comparison of war.

Lord C. I cannot tell that; for I have left them after many separations; in which case it is nothing to leave one another. And besides, when first I went to camp, my father went with me.

Eugenia. Did he? Oh, these fathers that are soldiers themselves, are a little hard, I can tell you; but yet that is not the case with my papa. He is so indulgent! Why, a child is scarce so gentle! It is upon the point of honour alone that he can never be persuaded; so that after all, I fancy he himself is to blame, and nobody else, for his remaining still in the service.

Lord C. Ay indeed! how is that?

Eugenia. Because he never asked for his dismissal. He is ever saying, people would imagine him a coward, should he quit the service during war. He only wishes that he may always have but strength enough to sit on horseback; and then, he

says, he will part with every drop of blood he has, to serve his country. Well, he will have his wish one time or other, but we poor children, then, shall be without a father.

Lord C. Recollect, your father has been hitherto been preserved from danger; and why should he not continue still as safe? It is not every musquet that hits.

Eugenia. But those that do, commonly kill; and in the number, may there not be one that will reach papa?

Lord C. That is true, indeed: but what sweet little lady is this?

Eugenia. My sister Mary Anne.

S C E N E III.

Eugenia, Lord Cornwallis, the Officer, Mary Anne.

Eugenia. So, Mary Anne, you are come at last, I see; and where have you been staying?

Mary Anne. Why, mama would make me help her to do up papa's portmantau.

Eugenia. Where is the basket? let me have it, sister.

Mary

Mary Anne. Have you gathered strawberries enough to fill it?

Eugenia. You shall see. (*emptying the hat.*) Your pardon, gentlemen.

Lord C. Oh, do not mind us, (*whispering the Officer.*) What lovely children!

Mary Anne. (*whispering Eugenia.*) Who may these be?

Eugenia. (*whispering Mary Anne.*) Officers in Lord Cornwallis's regiment.

Mary Anne. Do they come to fetch papa?

Eugenia. No, no: they are before the regiment, which will not go through the village till to-morrow, as papa expected.

Mary Anne. Ah! would all the officers, together with the regiment, were at Jericho.

Eugenia. Speak lower, Mary Anne. If the gentlemen should hear you?

Mary Anne. Let them hear me, if they like it. What! they come to take away papa, and shall not we have leave to make complaint?

Lord C. (*whispering the Officer.*) Methinks, we are not looked upon very favourably here.

The Officer. Then, my lord, why do not you discover yourself, and mention the good news that you bring their father?

Lord C. No. Their openness delights me; and the affection that they evince in favour of their parents, ravishes my heart.

Eugenia. (to *Mary Anne*.) Poor Douglas is hard at work, while we are chattering here without once thinking of him. I will go and help him. *Mary Anne*, stay you here, and take care how you speak before these gentlemen.

Mary Anne. Go, go; I know what is proper.

Eugenia. This is my sister, *Mary Anne*: I present her to you, gentlemen.

Mary Anne. (with a little frowardness.) Your servant, gentlemen.

Lord C. She has a countenance as resolute as yours is timid.

Eugenia. She will stay here to entertain you, gentlemen; for I must run and help my brother to gather strawberries; so that all of us may go back the sooner to papa. Will you permit me to inform him of your visit?—He will be very happy to receive you.

Mary Anne. No; he will not be very happy to receive you, nor we neither; we should rather be pleased were we left alone at present.

Eugenia.

Eugenia. I hope, your kindness will excuse this little mad-cap.

Mary Anne. Oh yes, to be sure! Excuse me? Why these gentlemen are sensible that little girls, when strangers are at table, must not speak a word; and I have twenty thousand things to tell papa at parting, which will otherwise go near to break my heart.

Lord C. Dear children, do not fear any thing: you shall not be disturbed by us in your delightful conversation. (*Eugenia makes a grateful curtsy, and withdraws.*)

Mary Anne. But pray tell me, gentlemen, what reason has the king for thus taking away a good papa from us poor children? Does he think that we do not want one to bring us up?

Lord C. No, no; but then do you think that he does not want good soldiers, to go abroad and fight?

Mary Anne. And what necessity for fighting? Or suppose there should be any, surely our papa, in staying at home to give his children a good education, would not be useless to his country.

Lord C. No, indeed; especially, my pretty Mary Anne, if his other little ones improve as much as you do.

Mary Anne. I believe you jest. I know that I am thought a little forward in the family; and I have heard it said, that if I had but a cockade, I could not fail to make a tolerable soldier.

Lord C. Ha! ha! ha! A little Amazon! You would become a perfect hero!

Mary Anne. I can tell you, if I had only a sword I would not be laughed at.

Lord C. Nay, if that be all, here is mine. I will arm you with it.

Mary Anne. Do. I should be very glad.

Lord C. (*presenting the sword, and stooping to salute her.*) This is the first ceremony.

Mary Anne, (*keeping him off.*) Softly! softly! I beseech you, sir.

Lord C. (*attempting it again.*) Oh! you are a charming child!

Mary Anne. (*running from him.*) Brother! sister!

Lord C. Mighty well, Miss Soldier; you are afraid of me then, I see!

Mary Anne. I afraid of you! Oh no. But do not, however, come too near, or I shall

shall run and fetch papa. Papa is an officer as well as you are, and will not suffer any one to hurt his little Mary Anne.

Lord C. Heaven forbid that I should design to hurt you ! It was only done in joke.

S C E N E IV.

Lord Cornwallis, the Officer, Mary Anne, Eugenia, Douglas.

Douglas, (coming boldly forward.) You cried out just now, Mary Anne ! I am come to your assistance.

Lord C. Against us, my little friend ?

Douglas. Against any one that hurts my sister.

Mary Anne. Thank you, brother ; but I did not mean to cry out quite so loud, and have no need of your assistance ; for, you see, I have disarmed one. However, sir, *(returning Lord C. his sword,)* for this once I grant you quarter. But do not come too near in future. I believe you understand me.

Lord C. Why, I vow, you are an extraordinary little creature !

Eugenia. I am charmed to hear you talk

so; but, gentlemen, at last we have gathered strawberries enough to share some with you. (*Presenting them the bushel.*) Take a few, let me request you.

Lord C. No, indeed; we do not intend to touch them; they have a destination too respectable for us to think of making free with any.

Eugenia. Those that you take will all be from our share: and there will be no harm done, should we go without. You are in papa's own regiment; and it is fitting that we should treat you with as much respect as we are able.

Mary Anne, (*taking a nosegay from her bosom and presenting it to Lord C.*) Oh! on that account I will beg you to accept this nosegay. I had gathered it for myself. Papa and mama already have had one a-piece, or I could not have given you this: but it belongs to me, sir, and I give it you.

Lord C. And I, my little dear, accept it with the greatest pleasure.

Mary Anne. It is somewhat faded by the sun; but if you will stay a little, I will go gather you some jasmin, violets and jonquils in my garden.

Eugenia. Mary Anne, you remember, I suppose, the rose-bush just before my window? You may gather all the roses that are blown upon it.

Mary Anne. Well, sir, shall I?

Lord C. Would you have that kindness, my dear child? But—no, I thank you; for the pleasure of conversing with you, entertains me more than all the roses in the universe.

Mary Anne. A thought strikes me. Possibly, you know what way an officer should take to quit the service honourably. Could you not afford us some good counsel to procure papa's dismissal?

Eugenia. If you could, we should be very glad to give you every thing in our power.

Douglas, (who has hitherto amused himself by playing with the hilt of Lord C.'s sword, and looking at his uniform.) O yes! if you could only tell us how to keep papa at home, my drum, spontoon, cartouch-box, and accoutrements, should all be yours.

Mary Anne. (with a smile.) And I will give you freely, what you fought just now to take by force.

Lord C. So many charming things at once! believe me, if I did but know—

Eugenia. (*sorrowful.*) You did but know! So then we only make things worse, and grieve you that you cannot be of service to us.

Mary Anne. Oh! I do not give up so soon. My Lord Cornwallis, colonel of the regiment, will very soon pass this way. Well then, we three will go and throw ourselves before him, hang upon his clothes, and not let him go until he has granted our desire.

Eugenia. Yes, sister, he shall see our tears; and we will tell him how extremely ill papa was all the winter; how indifferent he is at present; and how much we should lament his going from us. Do you think, sir, he would be so cruel as to send us from him, and not grant us our request?

Lord C. I cannot think that of him, my good friends; but if he be not come already on his way thus far, there is room to fear that he will delay his setting out from London longer; and you know, in that case, you would lose your pains, as your papa must march to-morrow. Happily, how-

ever, there is a gentleman, his friend, who can do every thing, as if he were my lord himself; and he is at present with the regiment, serving as a volunteer.

Douglas. A volunteer?

Lord C. Yes; so they call it; one whose wish is to acquire a knowledge of the art of war, assisted by my lord's instruction. I can answer for it, he will grant whatever your papa may wish for.

Eugenia. And is he your friend?

Lord C. Yes truly.

Eugenia. Then for heaven's sake, sir, speak to him in papa's behalf, that he may not be parted from his family, who live but by his means; and if he must leave England, do you soften, if you can, his service; and at any time, should he be sick or wounded—

Mary Anne. Wounded? Do not wait, sir, till he is wounded; but if a sabre should be raised against him, run you in and save him from the blow.

Lord C. (aside.) How difficult I find it to keep still concealed!—No, generous little souls, fear nothing: I will be answerable for his safety with my life.

Eugenia.

Eugenia. We may rely upon you, then. How much you charm us, sir! Yet do not, upon that account, forget to speak about him to the volunteer that you just now mentioned.—I could talk still to you on this subject; but your heart will tell you every thing that I have left unsaid: and our papa, whom we shall lose to-morrow, must be waiting for us.

Lord C. Go, dear children; but first take some trifle from me, as a recompence for the agreeable half-hour that I have spent in conversation with you. Here, my sweet *Eugenia*, take this ring: it is a little too big, but may soon be fitted to your finger.

Eugenia. (*refusing the ring.*) No, no, sir; mama, perhaps, would be displeased: and so too would papa, whose least reproach I would not deserve for the world, particularly as he must leave us to-morrow.

Lord C. You must absolutely take it. Should he be displeased, I will undertake to reconcile you with him, when he joins the regiment, if I cannot, by my speaking to the volunteer, prevent his leaving England.

Eugenia. (*taking it.*) Well then he shall bring it to you, in that case; and if otherwise,
wife,

wife, I shall be very happy to remember you, as often as I look upon it.

Mary Anne. Come, come, sister; it is high time that we should be gone.

Lord C. And you, my lovely Mary Anne, I suppose, would not be sorry to remember me? See, here is a copper etui gilt; and at the top, a composition stone; they call it a false diamond.

Mary Anne. (looking at it.) Yes, I understand you: but there is nothing false about it, except your words. It is gold, I am certain, and a real diamond. I will not have it. You have been a plundering for it. My papa is a captain, sir, as well as you, but cannot make such presents; for he never went a plundering in his life.

Lord C. Take, take it: there is no plundering in the case. It would be useless to me in the field; and therefore, if you will not have it as a present, keep it for me, till such time as I return.

Mary Anne. O! that I will, with all my heart.

Lord C. And now, perhaps, you have a kiss to give me for security.

Mary

Mary Anne. No, no; I have told you the conditions.

Lord C. Well, then, I will do what I can to obtain them.

Mary Anne. And I will keep the *you know what*, fir, till that time.—Come, brother.

Douglas. Go you first: I shall follow you immediately. I have something to say in private to the gentleman.

Lord C. I will speak with you this moment.

(The Officer, who some little time before had withdrawn, returns, and gives my Lord a pocket-book: they whisper one another.)

Mary Anne, (whispering Douglas.) What! and should you like a present too?

Eugenia, (in a whisper likewise.) Fie, fie, brother! I should never have suspected you of so much meanness.

Douglas. And fie upon you too, sisters, that can entertain so mean a notion of your brother! I have something very different, and much more important also, that I should like to ask.

Mary Anne. Well now, if I were in a merry mood, I could not but burst out a
laughing,

laughing, at the gravity with which you speak of your important something !

Douglas. Ay, and were you not my sister, I would make you squeak, Miss Saucebox, for suspecting me.

Mary Anne, (going out with Eugenia.)
Well, manage your important something properly.

SCENE V.

Lord Cornwallis, the Officer, Douglas.

Lord C. I am glad, dear Douglas, that you desire to stay. We were not quite acquainted: but at present, and particularly as my friend here tells me that my chaise is not set to rights yet, we shall have some more minutes to stand talking with each other.

Douglas. So we shall: but do not imagine that I remain here to get something from you.

Lord C. How?

Douglas. Because you gave my sisters each a present, you might fancy that I want one: but I protest, sir, I shall not take any thing.

Lord C. Unluckily for me too, I have nothing I can offer you.

Douglas.

Douglas. Unluckily! I am glad that you have not; for now, neither of us can be tempted.

Lord C. (aside to the officer.) I am charmed with his disinterestedness, and never saw a lovelier figure!

Douglas. I have but one question, sir, to ask you.

Lord C. And what is that, my friend?

Douglas. You told my sister, such a gentleman was with the army as a volunteer. Pray what is a volunteer?

Lord C. A volunteer is a soldier who may fight, or not fight, as he chuses.

Douglas. Oh! if I were to turn soldier, it should be to fight; and I would gladly be a volunteer on that condition.

Lord C. But a volunteer must have a deal of money: have you?

Douglas. No: but then the king has; and pray, is not he obliged to keep his soldiers?

Lord C. No; for as a volunteer is not obliged to fight, it is but just that he should subsist himself.

Douglas. I am sorry to hear this; but if I wanted only bread and water, or should beg the regiment to receive me, sir, instead of my papa;—what then?

Lord

Lord C. Poor child! and what sort of a figure would you cut before a company?— You ought to have experience and authority.

Douglas. If I have not enough of either to command, I must have, surely, to obey. Let me be any thing, provided I may serve.

Lord C. Would you even be capable of following in the march?

Douglas. I will go as far as I am able; and when tired, let me be lifted up among the baggage; or I will ride upon the cannon. Are you fearful that I should lag behind?

Lord C. But if you were to serve instead of your papa, you do not remember that you must part with him, as much as if he went himself.

Douglas. And do not you think that I should rejoice to be the means of keeping him at home here, with mama and sisters? You would hardly lose by such a change. Unhappily, my dear papa will not be able to serve long: and I shall very soon be what he was. I love a soldier's business at my heart. I know a number of marches, and can play them on my fife. Look, here is a book of songs; it is called the *Grenadier's Delight*.

Delight. I will give it you. I know the whole by heart.

Lord C. (aside to the officer.) I have a thought. (*To Douglas,*) I would not wish a better present: and in turn, I will give you, not indeed a book of songs, my little Douglas, but a single song.

Douglas. A song, indeed, I may accept.

Lord C. (feeling in his pocket.) Hold, here is, in the first place, one that you will give your father.

Douglas. Oh! he never sings fir, now; and likes no music but the cannon's.

Lord C. That does not signify. I am sure, you will both be pleased with this—if you do but read it. And here (*taking a paper out of his pocket-book*) is one for you.

Douglas, (jumping for joy.) Oh, thank you! Let me see now, if I know it.

Lord C. No, no, Douglas, you shall read them after we have left you. (*He puts the two papers together, and thrusts them into Douglas's pocket.*) Let me put them in your pocket: and do you take care not to lose either.—Now farewell, my little friend; and since you love a soldier's life, I will have you for my comrade.

Douglas,

Douglas, (jumping up into his arms.) Yes, I will be so, I will always love you ; and the first engagement that I enter, I will be all the while at your side.

The Officer. We will go, and let the regiment know that you are coming.

Douglas. Do : and pray, sir, give me a good word.

Lord C. (retiring with the officer.) I feel how much the father's heart must bleed to quit such lovely children : and rejoice on that account to be the bearer of such welcome tidings as the paper, now in Douglas's pocket, will inform him of. Let us withdraw a little to some corner, where we may, unseen, remark him. *(They get among the trees, and Douglas has his eye upon them till they are out of sight.)*

Douglas, (alone, and sitting for a little while profoundly thoughtful on the trunk : then getting up, and walking to and fro.) Why should they desire to set papa a singing ? *(Taking out the papers.)* Ha ! this paper is sealed !—there is something funny in it I suppose. So let me see my own. *(Opening it.)* Is this a song ? It does not look like one. The words go after one another, all
along

along the line. (*Reading.*) "I promise to pay to Mr. Abraham Newland, or bearer, on demand, the sum of fifty pounds." I do not know any tune that will suit these words. (*Reading again.*) "London, December 1, 1786. For the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. John Larkin." He meant to make a fool of me, I fancy, when he called this a song. It is all concerning money!—Ho! Captain! Captain! (*going out after them.*)

SCENE VI.

*Douglas, Capt. Greville (pale and feeble),
Mrs. Greville, Mary Anne, Eugenia.*

Capt. Greville. Where, where is he? (*Perceiving Douglas.*) Douglas, where is my Lord?

Douglas, (looking about him.) My Lord! I have not seen the least bit of a Lord, not I.

Mary Anne. That handsome gentleman that talked with us?

Eugenia. He that gave me this fine ring. Papa says, no one but a Lord could make so rich a present.

Douglas.

Douglas, (vexed). Blockhead that I was, not to discover him!

Eugenia. Oh! what a fine, fine, gentleman!

Mary Anne. So good and so familiar! Oh, my sweet etui! I will keep you all my life-time, now.

Capt. Greville. How long has he been gone?

Douglas. This moment I was running after him.

Capt. Greville. To-morrow, fortunately, I shall join his lordship; for it must be Lord Cornwallis; it is his cypher that is engraved on the etui: and I can tell him then, how much my children are obliged to his benevolence. I am sorry, however, that I had not an opportunity of asking him to lodge for one night with us. Should you not have been rejoiced to entertain him, children?

Douglas. Oh! yes, yes, papa. He called me comrade, when he took his leave.

Mary Anne. For my part, though I like him, yet I am glad that he is gone; for had he staid, we should not have been able then to talk as if we loved you.

Capt.

Capt. Greville. Mary Anne is in the right; I should not have been free to mix my tears with yours, dear children, in his presence.

Mrs. Greville. And, on that account, I could wish to have had his company. The violence that you must have done your sorrows, would, in that case, have enabled me to keep down mine; and since to-morrow we must lose you—

Eugenia. Oh! do not speak of that, mama.

Capt. Greville. Dear children, possibly I shall not leave you long. Peace cannot be far off: it is the wish of every one in England; and no sooner shall that wish be gratified, but I will instantly come back, and never part with you again.

Mrs. Greville. But yet, till things are settled, you must unavoidably be from us; and what comfort shall we have, as long as you are absent?

Eugenia. With what pleasure would I give him back his ring, if he would leave you with us!

Mary Anne. And I likewise his etui!

Douglas. And I, too, his new-fashioned song. See, see, papa, what he has put into my

my hand here. Was there ever such a song before?

Capt. Greville. Let us see. (*Having read a little.*) What bounty is in this nobleman! and what a charming way he has of obliging! He has given you, here, an order for receiving a whole pocket-full of gold!

Douglas. What has he tricked me? When you see him, give him back his money: I will not have it. But there is something else; and he has given me likewise here a song for you.

Capt. Greville. A song for me, my little fellow? You are dreaming!

Douglas. (*drawing the sealed paper out of his pocket.*) No, no; here it is.

The children, (*smiling at each other, and approaching their father with looks of curiosity.*) A song! a song!

Capt. Greville. Good heavens! what is this?—The king's coat of arms? (*He opens the packet with a trembling hand, and looking at the signature, cries out*) and signet! (*Then casting his eyes over the three or four first lines, breaks forth again.*) Is it possible?—Dear Wife, and little ones,—rejoice! rejoice!

Mrs. Greville. If you stay with us.

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H

Capt.

Capt. Greville. Let me read the letter out.
(They all come round him, and stand silent while he reads.) Oh! unexpected joy! *(Continues reading.)* No, no; it must be all a dream, in which my pleased imagination forms the most brilliant chimeras!—And yet, stay; for I am awake, and every thing is real, though I never could have hoped for, so much happiness.

Mrs. Greville. I am dying with impatience to know every thing.

Eugenia. Well, well; what is it dear papa?

Mary Anne. You keep us all in pain!

Douglas. Let me see your song.

Capt. Greville, (embracing his wife and children.) I am to stay with you, my life!—We are not to be separated, my dear children!—*(Giving Mrs. Greville the letter.)* Yes, yes; read yourself.

Mrs. Greville. I tremble every limb, and cannot.

The children, (unable to contain themselves for joy.) Our papa stays with us! Our papa stays with us!

Capt. Greville. Yes, yes, children, I shall not go to America, or leave you, and yet still

All speaking at once.

still continue in the service, in a way so honourable !

Mrs. Grev. (*coming to herself.*) And how ? how, my life ?

Capt. Grev. The king, informed (but by what means I know not) of my illness, and touched with my situation, permits my staying here in England ; but, to recompense my services, (these are his own words,) he confers upon me the command of Upnor Castle, with the rank of Colonel.

Mrs. Grev. What, my dear ?

Eugenia. Joy ! Joy !

Mary Anne. So then, papa, there is not a greater man in all the army ?

Douglas. And you are a colonel, are you ?

Capt. Grev. Yes ; and, for the first time in my life, entirely happy. But, my dearest life, (*to Mrs. Greville,*) shall I be pardoned, when I tell you such an honour is not on account of any step that I took to get it ?—It has come I cannot tell how.

Mrs. Grev. Yes, yes ; I know that very well. I did every thing in my power, though what I did was never meant for such an honour, joined to so much happiness.

They must be both, however, placed to the account of my sollicitation.

Mary Anne. Ah! the naughty man, say I; but that mama took greater care of us than he did.

Eugenia. So, papa, then you deceived us?

Capt. Grev. Yes, my little life, but still, what could I have done? I have only this excuse to offer, that false modesty restrained me from requesting my dismissal, even though I should have thought myself unable to be of any real service to my country. I was not, however, then quite sensible of my condition, but now I feel it: yes, I feel within me, that my constitution is no longer fit for the fatigue of arms.

Mrs. Grev. And this false modesty would have been death to me, and have left these innocents without a father, but that Providence has ordered your affairs much better. Every thing, however, now, is to be pardoned. All my wish is, that we had here the generous nobleman who brought us this glad news, that we might thank him for his kindness to our little ones, and also for his message, which, if the truth were known, I dare engage he has in some degree been
5 instrumental

instrumental in procuring; for what likelihood is there that I, an unknown woman, should by myself have so far succeeded beyond every thing that I could have ever wished?

Capt. Grev. At least, if we had but been able to afford him the hospitality of one night's lodging with us.

Douglas. Let us run different ways, and overtake him if we can.

Capt. Grev. Go, go. It grieves me that I cannot follow you.

Mary Anne. If we can meet with him, and he will but accompany us back, he shall have then, instead of *one*, three kisses.

S C E N E VII.

Douglas, Capt. Greville, Mrs. Greville, Eugenia, Mary Anne, Lord Cornwallis, the Officer.

Lord C. (running from his hiding-place, and laying hold of Mary Anne.) Shall I?—A match, my little maid. (*He kisses her three times.*)

Eugenia and Douglas. My lord! my lord!
Mary Anne, (a little out of countenance.)

You have almost frightened me with your kisses !

Capt. Grev. O, my worthy general ! what words will shew you half my gratitude ?

Mrs. Grev. How can my children and myself express our obligations ? To whom we are indebted for such a blessing, we at present know not ; but your lordship is the bearer of a paper, which to me restores a husband, and a father to my children.

Lord C. For this blessing, you and they are debtors to the king. I have done nothing but solicited his bounty, wishing that I might prove the channel through which it should flow. Hearing accidentally, dear madam, of your application, I determined to support it with my little interest, and, if possible, to get more than was solicited. You owe this interference to my knowledge of the captain's merit ; being, as I was, convinced how much he had instructed his inferior officers, and been of benefit to those above him. Upon this account, I did not think it reasonable that he should still be forced to serve among us, when his infirmity made service painful to him. And still more, to shew how heartily I prosecuted

cuted this affair, with pleasure I took advantage of our march so near his habitation, to bring down myself the news of my success, and glad the bosom of his spouse and children with it. This, believe me, is a joy, that I shall never forget. (*He holds out his hand to Capt. Greville, who clasps it with transport.*)

Capt. Grev. And is it possible that I should have met with such a generous friend, who, of his own accord, has seconded an application which the affection of a valuable wife was making for me, but without my knowledge. No one, who had less than your benevolence, my lord, could have so heartily endeavoured to promote the happiness of an afflicted family.

Mrs. Grev. Then you have made such princely presents to my children!

Eugenia. I am now ashamed that I took this ring. I did not think it to be of so much value.

Lord C. I must own it is pretty, but much more so on your charming hand. It is indeed so altered, I no longer know it.

Mary Anne. Neither would you, I suppose

Sir, your etui ; and therefore I will not speak a word about it.

Douglas. As for me, I give you back your song. It is not what you meant to let me have.

Lord C. Then be it a mistake, and, since I have already made it, pardon me ; to which I hope your good papa will add another favour ; that his Douglas may be made an ensign. I will give order for it, if he chuses.

Capt. Grev. If I chuse, my lord ! You are the guardian angel sent to succour us !

Douglas. But is it in your regiment ?

Lord C. Yes, my little friend.

Douglas. Ah ! how rejoiced I am ! I will go this moment with you, and the name of my papa shall not be so quickly forgotten in the army.

Capt. Grev. You have conferred so many favours on me !—would you vouchsafe me, now, one more that I am about to ask ?

Lord C. I apprehend your meaning, and so far from not vouchsafing, beg you to bestow it ; namely, an asylum in your house for one night, for my companion and myself. (*Capt. and Mrs. Greville bow respectfully.*)





Look Se

fully.) Provided, that Miss Mary consents.

Mary Anne. Oh! since my papa is to remain among us, stay as long as you think proper.

Eugenia. I may hope now, my lord, that you will consent to eat a few more strawberries?

Mary Anne. You will make them no less sweet to us, than I imagined your arrival would have made them bitter.

Douglas. Yes, my lord, come in, and honour my papa by eating with us; and hereafter I will do every thing in my power to deserve a second honour like it—in your lordship's tent.

THE FARMER.

SIR John Downton had shut himself up one morning in his study, in order to give his attention to some affairs of consequence. A servant came to inform him that farmer Martin, his tenant, was at the street-door, and desired to speak with him.

John ordered him to shew the farmer into the drawing-room, and to request him to stay a moment, until his letters should be finished. Robert, Arthur, and Sophia, Sir John Downton's children, were in the drawing-room when Mr. Martin was introduced. He saluted them respectfully as he entered, but it was easy to see that he had not learned his bow from the dancing-master; nor were his compliments of a more elegant turn. The two boys looked one at the other, smiling with an air of contempt. Their eyes measured him very familiarly from head to foot. They whispered each other and laughed out so loud, that the poor man blushed, and did not know what countenance to put on. Robert even carried his incivility so far, as to walk round him, holding his nose, and asking his brother, "Arthur, do not you perceive something of the smell of a dunghill?" And going for a chafing-dish of hot coals, he burnt some paper over it, and carried it round the room, to disperse, as he said, the unpleasant smell. He then called a servant and desired him to sweep up the dirt that Martin had left on the floor-cloth with his nailed shoes. Arthur,

thur, mean time, held his sides, laughing at his brother's impertinencies.

It was not the same with Sophia their sister. Instead of imitating the rudeness of her brothers, she reproved them for it, endeavoured to excuse them to the farmer, and approaching him with looks of good-nature, offered him wine to refresh himself, made him sit down, and took his hat and stick herself and laid them by. In the mean time Sir John came out of his study, and approaching farmer Martin in a friendly manner, took him by the hand, asked how his wife and children were, and what had brought him to town. "Sir, answered the farmer, I come to pay you my half-year's rent:" and at the same time he drew out of his pocket a leathern bag full of money. "You will not be displeased, continued he, that I have been something beyond my time: our roads were so flooded, that I could not carry my corn to market sooner."

"I am not at all displeased with you, replied Sir John: I know that you are an honest man and have no occasion to be put in mind of your engagements." At the same time he had a table laid before the

farmer, to count the money on. Robert stared at the sight of farmer Martin's guineas, and seemed to look at him with a little more respect.

When Sir John had counted the farmer's money and found it right, the latter drew out of his great-coat pocket a small jar of candied fruits. "I have brought something," said he, for the young folks, Won't you be so good, Sir John, as to let them come out one of these days, and take a mouthful of the country air with us. I'd try to entertain and amuse them too, as well I could. I have two good stout nags, and would come for them myself, and take them down in my four-wheeled chaise."

Sir John promised to go and see him, and would have kept him to dinner; but Mr. Martin thanked him for his kind invitation, and excused himself for not being able to accept it, as he had many bargains to make in town, and was in a hurry to return home. Sir John filled his pockets with cakes for his children, thanked him for the present that he had made to his, and having wished him good health, as well to support
his

his fatigues, as on his family's account, saw him down stairs and took his leave.

As soon as he was gone, Sophia, before her brothers, informed her father of the rude reception which they had given to the honest farmer. Sir John expressed his displeasure at Robert and Arthur, and at the same time commended Sophia for her conduct. "I see, said he, kissing her, that my little Sophia knows how to behave herself to honest people."

As it was about breakfast-time, he opened the farmer's jar of fruits and eat some of them with his daughter, and they both thought them excellent. Robert and Arthur were at table too, but were not invited to taste the fruits. They devoured them with their eyes, but Sir John did not seem to observe their longings. He resumed his commendations of Sophia, and exhorted her never to despise a person for the plainness of his dress. "For, said he, if we were to behave politely only to those who are well clad, we should seem to direct our civilities to the dress, not to the person who wears it. People in the most homely clothing are often the most honest; we have
an

an instance of it in farmer Martin. He not only by his labour supports himself, his wife and children, but during these six years that he has been my tenant, he has paid his rents so punctually that I have never had the smallest fault to find with him in that respect. Yes, my dear Sophia, if this man was not so honest, I could not supply the expence of maintaining you and your brothers. It is he who clothes you and procures you a good education; for it is in clothing you, and paying the expences of your instruction, that I dispose of the sums which he pays me every half-year."

After the breakfast was finished, he ordered the remainder to be locked up in the beaufet. Robert and Arthur followed it with desiring eyes and saw plainly that it was not kept for them. In this their father soon confirmed them. "Do not expect, said he, to taste these fruits, either to-day, or any other time. When the farmer who brought them shall have reason to be satisfied with you, he will not fail to send you some."

Robert. But, papa, is it my fault, if he did not smell well?

Sir

Sir John. How did he smell, then?

Robert. Of the dunghill, insufferably.

Sir John. Whence could he have contracted that smell?

Robert. From his loading carts with dung every day.

Sir John. What should he do then, to get rid of it?

Robert. He should—he should—

Sir John. He should, perhaps, not put dung upon his grounds at all?

Robert. There is only that way.

Sir John. But if he did not enrich his land, how could he draw a plentiful crop from it? And if he had always bad crops, how could he manage to pay me the rent of his farm?

Robert would have replied, but his father gave him a look in which Arthur and he plainly read his displeasure.—The next Sunday, very early, the good farmer was at Sir John Downton's door. He sent up his compliments, and kindly invited him to come and take an excursion to his farm. Sir John, pleased with his hearty obliging manner, would not mortify him by a refusal. Robert and Arthur earnestly entreated their father

fatherto make them of the party, and promised to behave themselves more civilly. Sir John yielding to their sollicitations, they mounted the four-wheeled chaise with joyful looks, and as the farmer had a pair of excellent horses and drove well, they were at his house before they had any suspicion of it. Who can describe their satisfaction when the chaise stopped? Cicely, wife to farmer Martin, appeared with a smiling countenance at the wicket, which she opened, and saluted her guests; and taking the children in her arms to help them down, she kissed them, and led them into the yard. All her own children were there in their best clothes, who welcomed the young gentlemen, saluting them with great respect. Sir John would willingly have stopped a moment to talk with the little ones and caress them, but Mrs. Martin pressed him to go in, lest the coffee should grow cold. It was already poured out, at a table which was covered with a napkin as white as snow. The coffee pot was not of silver, nor the cups of china, yet every thing was in the neatest order. Robert and Arthur, however, looked at each other sily and
would

would have burst out in a laugh if they had not feared to offend their father. But Cicely, guessing their thoughts by the looks which they exchanged, made an apology for their fare, which she confessed was not so fine as they would have had at their own house; however she hoped that they would be satisfied with the cheerful entertainment of poor people. With the coffee they had muffins of a delicious taste. It was easy to perceive that Mrs. Martin had used all her art in kneading and baking them.

After breakfast, the farmer asked Sir John to look at his orchard and grounds, to which he consented. Cicely took all the pains imaginable to make this walk agreeable to the children. She shewed them all her flocks which covered the fields, and gave them the prettiest lambs to play with. She then led them to her pigeon-house: every thing there was clean and wholesome: there were on the ground two young pigeons which had just quitted their nest, but did not dare as yet to trust their callow wings. Some of the mothers were sitting over their eggs, and others busied in giving nourishment to their young which had just broken
the

the shell. From the pigeon-house they went to the bee-hives: Cicely took care that they should not go too near them, but however she gave them a view of the bees at work.

As most of these sights were new to the children, they seemed very much delighted with them: they were even going to take a second review of them, if farmer Martin's youngest son Tom had not come to inform them that dinner waited. They were served on pewter, and drank out of yellow ware: but Robert and Arthur were still so full of the pleasure of their morning's walk, that they were ashamed to indulge their satirical humour; they thought every thing excellent. It is true, Cicely had surpassed herself in preparing them the best cheer.

After dinner, Sir John perceived two fiddles hung up against the wall. What person here plays upon those instruments? said he.

My eldest son and I, answered the farmer; and without saying any more, he made a sign to Luke, his son, to take down the fiddles. They played by turns some old
tunes

tunes on the fiddles, both sprightly and pathetic, at which Sir John expressed his satisfaction in the most flattering manner.

As they were going to hang up the instruments again, "Come Robert and Arthur, said Sir John, it is now your turns. Play us some of your best tunes:" and at the same time he put the fiddles into their hands. But they did not even know how to hold the bow, and their confusion raised a general laugh.

Sir John then requested the farmer to put the horses to, that they might return to town. Martin pressed him strongly to pass the night with him, but at length yielded to Sir John's excuses.—"Well, Robert, said that gentleman to his son, as they returned, how do you find yourself after your little journey?"

Robert. Very well, papa. Those good people have done their utmost to give us every satisfaction.

Sir J. Downton. I am happy to see you satisfied. But if farmer Martin had not taken so much pains in doing the honours of his house, if he had not offered you the smallest refreshment, would you have been

as

as well pleased with him as you now seem to be?

Robert. No, certainly.

Sir John. What would you have thought of him?

Robert. That he was an unmannerly clown.

Sir John. Robert, Robert, this honest man came to our house, and far from offering him any refreshment, you made game of him. Which then is the best bred, you or the farmer?

Robert. (*blushing.*) But it is his duty to receive us well. He gains by our lands.

Sir John. What do you call gaining?

Robert. I mean, that he finds it his advantage to gather in the crops of our corn-fields, and the hay of our meadows.

Sir John. You are right. A farmer has occasion for all that; but what does he do with the grain?

Robert. He maintains with it, himself, his wife and his children.

Sir John. And with the hay?

Robert. He gives it to his horses to eat.

Sir John. And what does he do with his horses?

Robert.

Robert. He uses them in plowing the ground.

Sir John. Thus you see, that one part of what he gains from the earth returns to it. But do you believe, that he consumes the the remainder with his family and his horses?

Robert. The cows have their part of it too.

Arthur. And his sheep too, and his pigeons, and his poultry.

Sir John. That is true. But are his whole crops consumed upon his own ground?

Robert. No. I remember to have heard him say that he took part of them to market, to sell for money.

Sir John. And what does he do with this money?

Robert. I saw, last week, that he brought you a leathern bag full of it.

Sir John. You now see who draws the greatest profit from our lands, the farmer or I. It is true, he feeds his horses with hay from the meadows, but his horses serve to plow the fields, which, without these plowings, would be exhausted by weeds.

He

He feeds his sheep too, and his cows with the hay; but their dung contributes to make the fallow grounds fruitful. His wife and his children are fed with the corn of the harvests, but in return they pass the summer in weeding the crops, and afterwards, some in reaping them, some in threshing; and these labours again turn to my advantage. The rest of his corn and hay he takes to market to sell, but it is in order to give me the money that he receives. Suppose that there remains some part for himself, is it not fair that he should have a recompence for his labours? Now therefore, tell me, which of us two draws the greatest profits from my lands?

Robert. I now plainly see that you do.

Sir John. And without this tenant, should I have that profit?

Robert. Oh! there are many tenants to be had.

Sir John. You are right; but not one more honest than this. I had formerly lett this farm to another who impoverished the the land, cut down the trees, and let the out-houses run to ruin. At quarter-day he never had any money for me; and when I would

would expostulate with him, he shewed me clearly that his whole stock was not sufficient to answer my demand.

Robert. Ah! the knave!

Sir John. If this man were of the same kind, should I receive much profit from my estate?

Robert. Certainly not.

Sir John. To whom then am I obliged for what I do receive?

Robert. I see that you owe it to this honest farmer.

Sir John. Is it not therefore our duty to receive a man well who renders us so great services?

Robert. Ah! papa, you make me see very plainly that I was wrong.

For some minutes a deep silence ensued. Sir John then resumed the discourse thus; Robert, why did not you play upon the fiddle?

Robert. You know, papa, that I have never learned.

Sir John. Then farmer Martin's son knows something that you do not.

Robert. That is true. But then, does he understand Latin as I do.

Sir John. And do you know how to plow? can you drive a team? can you sow wheat, barley, oats, and other grain, or rear a crop of them? Would you know how so much as to fix a hop-pole, or prune a tree, so as to have good fruit?

Robert. I have no occasion to know all that: I am no farmer.

Sir John. But if all the people in the world knew nothing else but Latin, how would things go then?

Robert. Very ill; we should have no bread, no vegetables.

Sir John. And could the world do very well, even though nobody knew Latin?

Robert. I believe it could.

Sir John. Remember then all your life what you have just seen and heard. This farmer so coarsely clad, who saluted and addressed you in so rustic a manner; this man is better bred than you, knows much more than you, and things of much greater use. Therefore you see how unjust it is to despise any one for the plainness of his dress, or the ungracefulness of his manner.

THE GREAT GARDEN.

MR. Sage had received no very great inheritance from fortune and his parents, but was not without the happy secret of limiting his desires to what he possessed; and notwithstanding he was frequently obliged to go without a number of conveniences and comforts which others could command by means of their abundance, never did one envious thought disturb his equability of temper. He had never suffered more than one affliction of considerable magnitude, arising from his want of this life's comforts; and that was the loss of an affectionate and virtuous woman, torn from his embraces by the hand of death. A charming little fellow, Polydore Sage, was the only child remaining to console him; and the education of this charming little fellow, was the single object of his study and attention.

Polydore was endued by nature with very strong imagination; and by this, his father had found out the happy secret of improving his reason, at a very early time of life; namely, by exhibiting before him every ob-

ject in its real point of view, of which he had beforehand only given him an idea. By a series of strong images, arranged in order, and selected in a proper moment to produce their full effect, he had enabled him already to make many accurate and deep reflections.

Satisfied with his condition, this good father wished particularly to inculcate into his son those principles to which he owed himself the calm of his condition, and the peace within his mind. Yes, often would he whisper to himself, if I can but accustom him to live contented with his humble fortune, and point out to him the folly of putting any value upon what he must not hope to obtain, I shall contribute more to make his manhood happy, than by leaving him a heap of gold and silver.

Occupied incessantly on this important lesson, he thought fit one evening to accompany his son to Vauxhall Gardens, for the first time in his life. Immediately on entering, Polydore was struck with admiration and delight. The perfume of the flowers, the beauty of the paintings, the well-ordered disposition of the walks, the crowd of men and women who were in
them,

them, elegantly dressed, the incessant motion of the multitude, the hum of their discourse, the noise of the cascade, all joined to attract his contemplation; and his eye considered at one view ten thousand objects. His good father seeing him, if we may say so, swallowed up in thought, conducted him to that part of the gardens which was more retired from public observation; that his senses, which were too much occupied by such a crowd of images, might be in some degree at rest. Soon after, he proposed indulging him with some refreshment, if he liked it.—Polydore gladly took his father's offer; and soon after, having satisfied his appetite and palate, spoke as follows:

How extremely happy every one here present seems to be! I should like, papa, if we had such a charming garden. Did you notice what a number of fine carriages were at the door? And all those gentlefolks that pass us, how well dressed they are! I should be glad to know why we must live so sparingly, when others in the world indulge themselves with every thing that they fancy. I begin now, papa, believe me, to see how

poor you are. But why, then, are so many around us rich? They are not better people sure than you, papa.

You speak exactly like a child, replied the father. *You begin to see how poor I am?* Now I can tell you, I am quite rich.

Polydore. And where, then, are your riches?

Mr. Sage. I have a garden bigger by far than this.

Polydore. A garden? You, papa! I should be glad to see it.

Mr. Sage. When we go into the country, you shall see it.

They went very soon, it being now the season for taking the pleasures of the country, and on the very day of their arrival at the country-house, not far from London, Mr. Sage took his son and led him up a hill, from whence the eye commanded an extensive prospect. On the right, was seen a spacious forest, whose extremities seemed lost in the horizon. On the left, appeared a beauteous mixture of fine gardens, verdant meadows, and vast fields, quite covered with the promise of a plentiful harvest. Close below the hill was stretched

stretched a valley, watered in its whole extent with a thousand little rills ; and all this landscape was in motion. There were fishermen in one part, busy with their nets ; and husbandmen, who in another were employed in gathering fruits and herbs, and sportsmen with their greyhounds urging the swift stag, and shepherds watching by their flocks, or playing near them in the shade ; and reapers carting their last sheaves, and dancing all the way before them as they proceeded homeward. This delightful picture captivated Mr. Sage and his son, who for a time kept silence, till the child began the following conversation :

Papa, when shall we reach your garden ?

Mr. Sage. We are at it now, my child.

Polydore. But this is not a garden : it is a hill.

Mr. Sage. Look round as far as you can see ; for this, I tell you, is my garden. Yonder forest, and these fields, are all my property.

Polydore. Your property, papa ? You are joking !

Mr. Sage. No, indeed, I am not. I will convince you in an instant that I dis-

pose of every thing all around us as the owner of it only can do.

Polydore. It will delight me to be sure of that.

Mr. Sage. If you had all this country, what would you do with it?

Polydore. What the owners of estates generally do.

Mr. Sage. What may that be?

Polydore. In the first place, then, I would cut down a deal of timber, and make firewood of it, to be used this winter. In the next place, I would go a hunting to catch venison; and sometimes I would fish. I would breed sheep, and oxen; and in harvest, gather in the corn that covers this fine country.

Mr. Sage. Why, you comprehend the matter admirably, Polydore: and I am glad to find our notions are so like each other's. Well, whatever you would do, that, I already do; and I will convince you of it.

Polydore. How, papa?

Mr. Sage. I say then, in the first place, I have men who cut down for me in this forest all the wood that I want.

Polydore.

Polydore. And yet, I never heard you order them to cut down any for you!

Mr. Sage. And why not? because they have the forethought to prevent me. We have always a good fire below, and sometimes, too, up stairs. Well then, I have the wood brought to me from the forest to keep up those fires: for here, you know, we cannot get coals to burn as if we were in London.

Polydore. You have, indeed, the wood brought to you from this forest; but must pay for what you have.

Mr. Sage. If I were what you call the real owner of this forest, should I not be forced, as I am at present, to pay for what I might have brought me from it?

Polydore. No, indeed, papa. It would be cut down for you, and sent in without a penny cost on your part.

Mr. Sage. You believe so, do you? On the contrary, I think the cost might be a great deal more in that case than at present; for you will grant, if I possessed the forest, I must keep at least a woodman to cut down the trees for fire-wood.

Polydore. Well; pass over this: but can you go a hunting?

Mr. Sage. And why should I hunt, Polydore?

Polydore. For instance, to have venison.

Mr. Sage. Could we two, then, eat a buck or doe ourselves entirely?

Polydore. We should have a charming appetite to do so.

Mr. Sage. Well then, as I cannot go a hunting, I send huntsmen in my place; and very probably, the venison that you have seen hang up at Charing-cross, where, as you remember, you went with me lately to buy some, was hunted in this forest. I can therefore, without hunting venison, have as much as I think proper.

Polydore. For your money!

Mr. Sage. Well; and is it not a charming thing for me that I can come at venison on those terms? for I have no wages to pay to those who hunt it for me; or provided they should shoot it, I have neither to supply them with gun, nor ball nor powder. Those various kinds of dogs that our squire maintains, thank Heaven! they eat up nothing that belongs to me.

Polydore.

Polydore. Are those cows too, and sheep that graze in yonder meadow, yours?

Mr. Sage. Yes, truly. Have not you fresh butter every day? I get it from those cows.

Polydore. But papa, if all these flocks, and all those little rivers too, are yours, why have not we at dinner every day all sorts of meat and fish, as other rich folks I am told have?

Mr. Sage. Do they eat up every thing that their servants set before them?

Polydore. No: but they may chuse at table whatever they like.

Mr. Sage. And as for me, I make my choice before my victuals come to table. Every thing that I want, I have. Superfluous things, it is true, I do not possess; but what benefit would they procure me if I had them? I should want, in that case, a superfluous stomach also.

Polydore. Wealthy people make good cheer; but you, papa, I fancy, do not.

Mr. Sage. Indeed I do, and better than the wealthy, *Polydore.* I have a sauce that almost always fails them; namely, a good appetite.

Polydore. And have you then a deal of money, as they have, to satisfy a thousand wishes?

Mr. Sage. Much more money; or at least, what is better, I have no wishes.

Polydore. I believe, however, there is a deal of pleasure in contenting them.

Mr. Sage. A hundred times more pleasure, child, in being content of one's self, as I am.

Polydore. But does not God, pray, love the rich a great deal more than you, since he bestows upon them so much gold and silver?

Mr. Sage. Polydore, do not you recollect the wine that we had last Wednesday on the table, when your uncle came to dine and sup with us, and which you said was so delicious?

Polydore. Yes, papa, I remember you were so good as to give me half a glass of it.

Mr. Sage. But you wanted more. I might have let you have it, since, you know, the bottle had a deal left in it, even after supper: why, then, did I not oblige you, pray?

Polydore.

Polydore. Because you were afraid that it would make me ill.

Mr. Sage. I recollect I told you so: and do not you think that I did right?

Polydore. Oh! as for that, you did indeed; I know you love me, and are always studying how to make me happy. So you would not have refused me such a trifle as a glass of wine, if you had thought that it would have pleased me, and not hurt my health.

Mr. Sage. And can you think that God loves you less than I do?

Polydore. No, papa, I cannot, after what I have heard you say so often of his goodness.

Mr. Sage. On the other hand, do you believe that he would have found it difficult to give you gold and silver in abundance?

Polydore. No more difficult than I should find it to give any one a handful of the dust that we tread.

Mr. Sage. Well then, if, as you acknowledge, he is able to bestow these on you, and does not bestow them, even though he loves you, what are you to think of his refusal?

Polydore. That the riches which I desire from him would be hurtful.

Mr. Sage. Are you perfectly convinced of this?

Polydore. Yes, perfectly, and have not a word to say against it. Yet, papa—

Mr. Sage. Well; why thus shake your head? You have still some burthen on your heart: what is it?

Polydore. Notwithstanding all your reasonings, I can never bring myself to fancy all this country yours.

Mr. Sage. And why?

Polydore. Because you cannot enjoy it as you please.

Mr. Sage. You know the famous Mr. Norton?

Polydore. Do I know him? Why that is he who has such charming gardens.

Mr. Sage. And can he enjoy those gardens as he pleases?

Polydore. No, indeed; poor man! he dares not even eat a bunch of grapes.

Mr. Sage. And yet you have seen some very fine ones in his garden?

Polydore. I have; but they would do him harm.

Mr. Sage. You see then, one may easily possess a number of good things, and yet not dare to use them as one likes. I dare not use my garden as I certainly should like, because my fortune will not let me: and this Mr. Norton dares not use his garden as he likes, because his health will not allow him. So that I am much the happier of the two.

Polydore. But, papa, you love to ride a horse-back—do not you?

Mr. Sage. Yes; for it is an exercise that does me good, when I have time to take it.

Polydore. Well then, if these meadows are all yours, why do not you take the hay that grows upon them, and in future keep a horse?

Mr. Sage. Why that is the very thing which I do. And those same hay-cocks that you see there, are possibly intended for the horse that I ride.

Polydore. And yet I never saw one in your stable.

Mr. Sage. Heaven be praised, I am not at such a great expence.

Polydore. Nor do you ride as frequently as you would like?

Mr.

Mr. Sage. You are wrong: for I am so prudent, that I never wish to ride but when a ride would do me good, and then I get it for about three shillings. God be praised! I am rich enough to pay that sum.

Polydore. Do not you imagine that to have two fine pie-bald horses, and to be drawn about the country in a fashionable coach, would be very pleasant?

Mr. Sage. Agreeable enough: but when I think of all the inconvenience that attends a coach; how often one would want the harness-maker, smith and wheelwright; how much one depends upon the health of horses, and the conduct of a coachman; and what risque one runs of being overfet, together with the fatal consequences which luxury too frequently occasions,—truly, Polydore, I do not grieve that I am obliged to use my legs, which certainly will last me long enough. But see, the sun is now set, and we must think of getting home before the evening closes on us. Let me have your hand.—Now, are you not quite pleased in having seen my great estate?

Polydore. Ah! dear papa, I should be much more so, could I but be persuaded that it were yours.

The

The father smiled at this reply; and down the hill they walked together. As it happened, they went by a meadow, which at first they thought had been a pond, because it was quite covered with water. Bless me! cried out Mr. Sage, do you see this meadow, how it is overflowed? The neighbouring river must have burst its bounds, and all the hay this year is spoiled.

Polydore. I fancy he to whom the hay belonged will not be very happy, when they tell him of his loss.

Mr. Sage. No, no; nor yet is this the worst: he will be forced to mend the banks, and very likely make another dam. Why, he will be very fortunate, if he does not spend in these repairs the produce of ten harvests that he could make in such a meadow.

Polydore. Oh! what a misfortune!

Mr. Sage. But I thought there had been a windmill hereabouts.

Polydore. And there it is, papa: Look there before you.

Mr. Sage. Right, I see it now: the reason is, I did not hear it going. I would lay any wager that the torrent coming down
has

has forced away the wheelwork. Let us go see.—Just so.—It is broke to pieces.—What will the poor owner do? He must be very rich indeed to stand against so many losses!

Polydore. Oh! I pity him with all my heart! But since the day is over, pray why are the bricklayers still at work?

Mr. Sage. I cannot tell why. We need but ask the reason. Pray friend, be so kind as to inform us why you work so late?

A Bricklayer. We shall be here all night; for yesterday, when it was dark, a gang of thieves pulled down the wall, that they might get into the park, and steal away the furniture that had been put into a new built summer-house. The theft was not discovered till this morning; and indeed it is very lucky that no one caught them in the fact.

Mr. Sage. How so?

The Bricklayer. Because the thieves had previously disposed combustibles to set the summer-house on fire, if they had been disturbed in plundering; so that they might get away assisted by the bustle and confusion which such destruction would have caused. The owner of this ground, as you may judge,

judge, is therefore very happy in his loss: he might have seen his summer-house burnt down; whereas, the affair will cost him now no more than some slight repairs to his wall, the expence of keeping up a watch all night, and buying other furniture instead of the former, which indeed had cost him a good deal.

Well, Polydore, now said Mr. Sage to his son, when they had walked a little way in silence, what do you observe on these misfortunes? Do not they grieve you?

Polydore. Why should I be sorry? I have suffered nothing by them.

Mr. Sage. But if this estate had been your property, as Mr. Norton's grounds are his; and if, when going out this morning, you had seen your meadow overflowed, your wind-mill broken to pieces, your park wall demolished, and your summer-house robbed, would you have gone home as satisfied as you appear to be at present?

Polydore. Oh by no means. I should, on the contrary, be miserable, had I undergone so many heavy losses in a day.

Mr. Sage. But what if you had every day such losses to endure, or to dread? would you be as happy as at present?

Polydore.

Polydore. I should be a thousand times more miserable.

Mr. Sage. Well then, Polydore, such is in reality the state of all who possess great abundance. Without reckoning up the cares that agitate them, and the innumerable wants which they fancy,—in the elevation of their fortune lies too frequently the cause of its decay. A barren season, or a false step in the pursuit of their rapacious projects, frequently suffices to produce their ruin. As they fear the loss of their imaginary consequence, should they resolve upon some sacrifices to their luxury and pride; the more they undergo distressing losses, the more they suppose that they ought to make a sumptuous show to keep up the appearance of their riches, and support a credit which already totters to its fall. What then is the effect of such a wretched sort of vanity? Their servants, perhaps, kept out of their wages an unreasonable time, proceed to introduce a sort of robbery through all the house. The improvement of their fortune, and the education of their children being overlooked, their lands in some sort as it were lie fallow, or produce a
blighted

blighted harvest only ; and their children, left to riot in the ways of wickedness, commit disgraceful actions which are stifled by the necessary aid of money. All their property, when seized by inexorable creditors, is in the end completely dissipated, or else the law lays hold of what would otherwise be left them. And these favourites of fortune, once so proud of their abundance, elevated station, and enjoyments, fall at once to the lowest pitch of indigence, shame and despair.

Polydore. Oh what a frightful picture is this, papa ?

Mr. Sage. It is one, however, daily to be seen in society ; and be assured, there is not one exaggerated feature in the whole portrait. I can at all times shew you, in the public papers, the decay of some great family or other : and these striking instances of God's providence exposes to the observation of the rich, that they may see what fortune is most likely to await their pride and folly. In the morning we will go and gaze on those fine buildings which excite your envy now, where you may read the ruin of too many families inscribed on every

every pillar round about, till they are swallowed up themselves in their own ruin. Why, alas, can I not spare your sensibility the cries of many desolated families, which are but too evincing tokens of such miserable revolutions!

Polydore. What then, should I look upon the mediocrity of our condition as a blessing meant us from above?

Mr. Sage. Yes, yes; if you are only frugal and industrious, and possess sufficient resolution to renounce ambition and the immoderate wish of getting money, of confining your desires, and keeping them within the limits of that state you fill. Do I want any thing to make me happy? and in reason, would you wish hereafter to be happier than your father is? Consider the whole universe as your estate; since if you are but properly industrious, it will furnish you a comfortable maintenance. God's providence has placed your earthly habitation half way up a hill, whose summit is extremely craggy, and its base choaked up with swamps. Lift up your eye at intervals upon the rich and great, not with a view to envy them their situations, but to think

think upon the storms that bellow round them. Sometimes too, look down upon the poor beneath you, not by way of insult on their friendless situation, but to hold out to them your hand. If God should bless you with a family of children, let them often hear the lesson which I have just now taught you; but particularly, give them in your life and manners that example which God's blessing has enabled me to afford to you.

By this time they were both at home. The virtuous Mr. Sage went up stairs into his chamber, and there, falling on his knees, gave thanks to God for all the blessings which he had constantly received, and offered him the sacrifice of his existence, as the best return that he could make. What need had he of being any longer upon earth? His days had been replete with probity and honour, and by giving such a lesson on contentment to his son, he endeavoured, as far as in him lay, to endow him with a valuable patrimony, such as no one could take from him.

ROBIN.

R O B I N.

ROBIN was about fix years of age. He was not wicked, but his mother let him always have his way; and then his father was afraid that the poor child might cry his eyes out, if he wanted any thing, and should not get it. Being thus indulged, his whims grew every day more frequent, and they could not always be gratified; for his parents were extremely poor, and lived as the expression is, from hand to mouth. He grew at last quite obstinate and quarrelsome, insisted upon having every thing that he saw, and when he could not get it, would grow sulky, tear his clothes to shew his spite, do nothing that he was bid to do, and often quite the contrary.

His parents were much grieved to see this behaviour in him, and judged it to proceed from a heart naturally perverse. Alas! cried his mother, I once hoped that our little Robin would in time console us under all our griefs, be the joy of our old age, and work for our support, when we were past our strength, reflecting that we had done so much to feed and bring him up:

4

but,

but, on the contrary, he is our greatest unhappiness. His principles are quite corrupt, said the father; every one will hate him utterly, and not a soul assist him in his need. He will commit some wicked action, and be punished for it by his country. He will live in shame and misery. God grant I may be dead before this come to pass.

These mortifying thoughts would constantly be uppermost within them. They were now no longer chearful at their daily toil, and had no appetite for their meals. Their sorrow had a visible effect upon their health; their strength soon failed them; and one morning, being more depressed than usual, they had not sufficient spirits to get up. Not so the little Robin: he was up as usual, and called for his breakfast. Robin, said his mother, I am very ill, and cannot rise to get it for you. On which he sulked, she wept, and Hutchinson his father sighed. The little urchin waited yet some time; but seeing neither of them stir, resolved instantly what to do. He went to a neighbour's house for a light, as he designed to make a fire. A little girl came down to let him in; and seeing Robin, asked

asked him what he wanted, with a tone of voice that seemed to say he was not welcome; for she did not like him in the least. I want to light my candle, answered Robin. Well, do so, returned the little girl, as I have let you in: but do not come here again. This way of talking Robin did not much like. He was very easily offended; so he went away and did not even light his candle.

After this he visited another neighbour, who came down; but seeing Robin through the casement, he would not so much as ask him what he wanted, but went up again. Refused admittance every where, he came home, put down the candle, and bethought himself of going to a good old woman's, who formerly used to treat him with sweet things. He went and asked her for some breakfast. Breakfast! answered Frances: why has not your mother let you have some? She is a-bed, said Robin. Well, your father then? He likewise is a-bed. They say, they are ill. And would you leave them then, and come to me for victuals? Get you gone! I have nothing for you. Had I more than what I want myself, I would

I would give it to poor children who are fonder of their parents than you are, and make them happy, whereas you every day torment yours.

Robin came away in tears, and walked home very slowly. In the way, he recollected that he himself had frequently shammed illness; and supposed it not impossible that his parents might now be doing the same. For certainty, he got upon a little chair, held back the curtain, and beheld how pale they were. He saw that they had been crying too. This sight affected him. He put the curtains to again, sat down beside the bed, and held his hands up to his face. Unhappy boy that I am! said he, suppose my parents were to die, what would become of me? I am refused admittance every where, and cannot obtain a bit of bread. I must then have been very wicked! my poor mother! how you have at all times loved me! and how have I grieved you! And my father, my dear father—Who can tell, alas! but they will die?

He sat a little longer thinking; and returning afterwards to the house where he

had been refused entrance at first, begged for heaven's sake that they would let him have a little bread and milk, to make a breakfast for his parents. His affliction, and the humble tone of voice with which he now addressed them, easily gained him a hearing. Look ye, said the good man of the cottage, since you ask me thus, I will not refuse yeu. Take the half of this brown loaf, with some of this milk, and warm it for your parents. It is but just that you should prepare their breakfast, while they are both working so hard for you. He durst not mention that they were ill, because he feared the same reproaches which Frances had bestowed upon him, though he merited them now much less: on which account his charitable benefactor did not go himself to see them; as he would have done, had he but known their situation, for he esteemed them greatly.

In the mean time, Robin brought away the bread and milk, came home, made up a fire, and putting on a pipkin, boiled the milk. It was no sooner ready, than he drew a little table towards the bed. His mother heard him move about the chamber.

What can Robin be doing? said his mother. Nothing good, I fear, answered Hutchinson. She wished to know, endeavoured to sit up in bed; and looking through the curtains, which were flimsy, saw the little table with two porringers, and Robin, who was cutting bread into them. Upon this, she jogged her husband. See, said she, I verily believe he is doing this for us; else, why two porringers upon the table? Would to God, said Hutchinson, he were! I am not hungry, but should like to be convinced that he is better than we have thought him.

Robin, with his pipkin came at last; and filling both the porringers, approached his parents. Come, said he, dear father; come, dear mother.—Here's some breakfast for you both.—And is it you that prepared it? said the father. Who could give you all this bread and milk? It was neighbour such-a-one, answered he. The father and the mother bade him put down both the porringers again. Their eyes grew bright with joy. Dear child! come hither, cried they. You are not what we thought you to be; you bring both of us to life again. So

saying, they held out their arms: he bent to their embrace; he wept, as they did likewise; he desired forgiveness for the grief which he had occasioned them; and promised that they should henceforth be rejoiced by his behaviour.

He was still in their arms, when Frances entered with her breakfast in her hand; which she brought, in order to share it with her indisposed good neighbours. She was moved at such a piteous sight, shed tears of joy, and blessed the little Robin, who, on his side, tenderly embraced her also. They all breakfasted together, and had never in their lives before enjoyed so sweet a meal.

The happiness of such a day soon re-established this good father, and this loving mother, in their former state of health. The little boy also became very happy. He acquired the love of every one that knew him, was caressed with justice by his parents and the charitable Frances, who rejoiced to do them all the good in her power.





Book 10

The Fathers reconciled
by their Children

THE FATHERS RECONCILED
BY THEIR CHILDREN.

A DRAMA in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. CRUMPTON.

CONSTANTINE, *his Son.*

ALICIA, - - *his Daughter.*

THOMAS, - *Son of the apothecary
of the village.*

GRACE, - *his Sister.*

*The scene lies in a garden, under the windows
of Mr. Crumpton's house in the country.
On one side a summer-house, and at the
bottom of the stage a tuft of trees,*

SCENE I.

Mr. Crumpton, Alicia and Constantine.

Alicia. BUT papa—

Mr. Crumpton. I repeat it to
you. Let neither of you henceforward,
under pain of my displeasure, have the
least connection with the apothecary's
children.

Alicia. What has made you so angry then
with Mr. Garvey?

Mr. Crumpton. Am I obliged to give you an account?

Constantine. No, certainly. It does not become us to question you. (*to Alicia.*) When my papa gives his orders, it is our business to obey without reply.

Mr. Crumpton. Yes, that is my meaning. Mr. Garvey is an obstinate, disobliging person. Ungrateful! to refuse such a matter to me who am his landlord, and from whom he enjoys his fortune and livelihood!

Constantine. That is scandalous, papa: and I do not know why we have been so long connected with the children of such people. Indeed if there had been one gentleman boy besides in our neighbourhood, I should never have spoken a word to Thomas.

Alicia. O papa! can you hear my brother talk so? Thomas and Grace are such good children; we should be very happy if we were as good as they.

Mr. Crumpton. What is it to me whether they be good or bad? Once more I forbid you to have a word of discourse with them, or else I shall keep you shut up at home.

Constantine. Let Thomas dare so much as to come sneaking about this garden! I'll give him—

Mr.

Mr. Crumpton. What would you say? I do not intend that they should be ill-treated, or affronted in the smallest matter.

Constantine. (*confused.*) Nay, I do not mean that, neither. I only say that I will not let them come within a hundred yards of us. Oh! I shall keep a look out.

Alicia. Yet you had so great a friendship for Mr. Garvey! You looked upon him as so honest a man! as a man of so much learning and good sense! you remember very well that it was he who taught my brother Latin, and gave me my first lessons in spelling, merely through friendship before we had a master.

Mr. Crumpton. All that may be; but I forbid another word on the subject. I will have nothing to say to him, as you shall have nothing to say to his children. What? I think you cry. Dry up those tears, Miss. Have you then so little respect for your father's commands, that it cost you tears to to obey them?

Alicia. No, papa. But pardon this last mark of regard that my heart affords them. I shall not be less obedient than my brother.

Constantine. We shall see who will be most dutiful.

Alicia. At least you will not insist that I should hate them. It would not be in my power to obey you.

Mr. Crumpton. Neither to hate them, nor to use them ill: only to break off all connexion with them. This is my order.

Alicia. I will do whatever is your pleasure. But I have one favour to ask you.

Mr. Crumpton. What is that?

Alicia. That I may speak to them once more, to tell them your orders.

Constantine. For what? all correspondence is at an end.

Mr. Crumpton. I think your request reasonable, and grant it. You may tell them at the same time, that their father must pay me in three days, or else he will repent it.

Alicia. How? my dear papa, does Mr. Garvey owe you any-thing?

Mr. Crumpton. Do you think that I would ask him for what he did not owe me? But that does not concern you. Only remember to obey me. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Alicia and Constantine.

Alicia. Well, brother, is this your friendship for Thomas and Grace?

Constantine. Well, sister, is this your obedience to your father?

Alicia. You pretend to obedience? It is hypocrisy; nothing more. You only flatter him to wheedle some money from him. You love nothing in the world.

Constantine. Because I do not take pleasure in continually disobliging him? Would you have me run after these children now he has forbidden me?

Alicia. You little deserved their friendship, if it costs you no more to give it up. But whenever your expectations from any one are at an end, your affection soon vanishes.

Constantine. As if I had ever any thing to expect from children of that sort!

Alicia. What was that case then of mother of pearl which you prevailed on Grace to give you not a week ago? and that ivory memorandum book that you contrived to

coax so dextrously from Tommy yesterday? You have cringed to them a thousand times for a nosegay or an orange; and now—

Constantine. Now I must obey. But truly the apothecary's children are fine company to grieve after!

Alicia. Yes, and I shall see you, perhaps, this evening in the middle of the dirtiest boys in the village.

Constantine. I shall not lose much by the exchange.

Alicia. And they still less.

Constantine. I do not care. But here comes Mr. Thomas; advise him as a tender friend not to come too near me.

Alicia. If you do not like to see him, you may go away.

Constantine. I do *not* like to see him, and I will stay.

S C E N E III.

Alicia, Constantine, Thomas (carrying a little wooden house, painted blue.).

Thomas, (To Alicia.) Oh! how glad I am to find you!

Constantine.

Constantine. Dear Tom, what have you there in that little house?

Thomas. It is a present that Mr. Billingsley's game-keeper made me.

Constantine. And you come to make me a present of it, my dear friend.

Alicia. (aside.) The hypocrite!

Thomas. It is for Miss Alicia.

Alicia. For me, no, no, my friend. Since it is a present to you, I will not deprive you of it.—But pray what is it?

Constantine, (imperiously.) Come, I'll see what it is; (*endeavours to snatch the wooden house from Thomas who holds it forcibly.*) Some ugly bird, I suppose.

Thomas. An ugly bird? no, you are out. Guess, Miss Alicia; but I won't keep you in pain; it is a squirrel. Oh! a comical little beast it is! He always strives to hide himself in your pocket: then he comes to eat out of your hand, and he runs after you like a little spaniel. (*He takes it out of its house, and gives its chain to Alicia.*) Don't let it go, though. He must grow tame with you, otherwise he would take a trip to the grove.

Constantine, (with a look of envy.) A fine present indeed! a squirrel! it smells like a pole-cat.

Alicia. O the charming little creature! how sprightly it looks!

Thomas. I could have wished, Master Constantine, to have another to offer you; and I will bring you the first that I have. When he is a little used to you, Miss, he will play such tricks as will make you die with laughing. He is merrier than a monkey.

Alicia. For that reason, Master Tommy, I will not deprive you of it. (*to the squirrel.*) Come, little rogue, go into your house again. You must take it back, friend Thomas.

Constantine. Yes, do not you hear? You must take it back.

Thomas. How? he is not mine now. You would not disoblige me, Miss Alicia? No, I know you would not. (*He runs to the summer-house.*) There. I will leave him here on the bench.

Constantine, (to Alicia.) Only dare to take it, and see if papa won't make you pay dear for it.

Alicia. I am almost inclined to take it, because of your threatening. My papa has not forbidden me to receive squirrels. I

am

am sorry for poor Tom, that I have nothing to give him in return but a sad farewell.

Constantine. Well, leave it to me ; I will dismiss both him and his squirrel.

Alicia. No, no, do not take that trouble. *(to Thomas, as he returns.)* Once more, my friend, I cannot accept your present. I have such disagreeable news for you, that I do not know—

Constantine. Yes, yes, Mr. Thomas. If you shew yourself before our garden, or only look at the walls of our house!—

Thomas. What ? could you have the heart, Sir, to hinder me ? I thought you had more friendship for me.

Constantine. Our friendship is broken off, to let you know ; and pray do not think—

Alicia. I beg you will excuse his ill manners. You do not know, perhaps, that your father has had a quarrel with ours.

Thomas. Pardon me, I know it, and it has made me uneasy enough. However, I did not think that the matter went so far as to break off our friendship. And I should still less have expected it from Master Constantine.

Constantine.

Constantine. Sister, will you send him away immediately, or shall I go and acquaint my papa?

Thomas. If you are to have any trouble on my account, Miss Alicia—

Alicia. Do not fear, my friend; you may stay awhile. My papa will not take it amiss.

Constantine. We shall see that; I will open the cause to him. (*He goes out but returns a moment afterwards and slips into the summer-house unperceived.*)

S C E N E IV.

Alicia, Thomas.

Thomas. For heaven's sake, Miss Alicia, tell me, what have I done to your brother?

Alicia. In the first place the matter is that he is a little jealous on account of the squirrel that you have given me. Then he thinks that he will curry favour with *our* papa, in taking part in his quarrels with *yours*. For my papa is very angry, and I do not know why.

Thomas. Nor I neither. I only heard my father say as he walked about by himself, I could

could not have expected this from Mr. Crumpton. He then went to find my mother; and as my sister was with her then, she must know what the business was.

Alicia. In the mean time, my papa has forbidden us to see you or speak to you.

Thomas. What! shall I see you no more? shall I not be allowed to speak to you? How shall I part with you? what will my poor sister do who is so fond of you? Oh dear! what have we done then?

Alicia. Comfort yourself, my dear Thomas; we shall still be good friends, and if we are forbidden to see each other, who will hinder us to think of one another? Thus for instance; when I play with your squirrel, I shall think of you. I will always call him by your name. Oh! how I shall love him!

Thomas. How happy you make me in telling me so! I do not know whether I should now grieve any more; but here comes my sister. She looks very dull.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Alicia, Thomas, Grace.

Alicia, (running to meet Grace, and saluting her.) My dear Grace!

Grace. My good Miss Alicia! (*Constantine appears at the bottom of the stage, leading Mr. Crumpton privately behind the summer-house.*)

Thomas, (to Grace.) Ah! you are going to hear disagreeable news.

Grace. And I bring you no better. My father and mother are in such trouble—

Thomas. Did I not tell you so? Well, what passed?

Grace. Your father perhaps may be angry with ours, but certainly his demand is something unreasonable.

Alicia. Unreasonable? that cannot be. If it were so, I should still have hopes of persuading him. Tell me, however, what it is?

Grace. You know that handsome tuft of trees that is behind your garden?

Alicia. Oh yes; where we used to go in the spring evenings to hear the nightingale sing. A charming little grove!

Grace.

Grace. You know, too, that this little grove was given to my father by old Mr. Drury, in return' for his services to him during his life-time.

Alicia. Well!

Grace. Well, Mr. Crumpton wants to have it.

Alicia. What, my papa?

Thomas. What our pretty little grove?

Grace. My father told him, that he should be very happy to oblige him; that he should never forget how much he and his family were indebted to him; but that his friend had desired him on his death-bed never to part with this grove, that it might always serve to keep him in his memory.

Alicia. With all the respect that I owe my papa, I cannot deny but he is in the wrong here. But however, he would not have it for nothing. That is not his way of thinking.

Grace. Oh dear, no. He means to pay my father for it, and even perhaps more than it is worth.

Thomas. And what does he wish to do with it? Has he not a view of it as well as we?

Grace.

Grace. He wants to cut down all those fine trees.

Alicia and Thomas. Cut them down?

Grace. You know the hill that is behind the grove? He says that will make a fine prospect. Now the grove is at the foot of the hill; so, to have the prospect, he must cut down the grove.

Alicia. O now I see why he brought down an architect from town, who talks to him about grottos and bridges and Chinese temples. My father dreams of nothing but improvements. He has a plan of them continually in his hands, and talks of them a hundred times a day, even to me. And I who made myself so happy to see all those fine things shortly! I'll have nothing to do with them. Let your father keep his grove.

Thomas. What would become of the birds that chirp so sweetly on those venerable trees, and who generally built their nests there, because nobody disturbed them, and we carried them food there?

Grace. And the refreshing coolness that we breathed there in the hot summer days?

Alicia. And the echo that used to answer us from the hill when we sung?

Grace.

Grace. The prospect of a grove in full leaf, is, I believe, as good as that of a hill.

Alicia. And then what occasion has my father for a new prospect? He has so many others on every side.

Thomas. I should think that one of my own limbs was lopt off at every stroke of the hatchet.

Alicia. No, no; your father must not deprive himself of his grove.

Grace. Must not? Oh! he will not keep it long.

Alicia. Why not? my papa will never go to take it from him by force, I suppose. He has not the power.

Thomas. But if he is angry with us, and has forbidden you to see and speak to us, I would rather give ten groves like that.

Grace. And don't you think that I would too? What should I do there without you, Miss Alicia? I should never have any desire to go into it.

Alicia. My dear Grace, we used to be so happy in it. Do you remember when we used to go there in the evening, and tell each other every thing that had happened to us in the day?

Grace.

Grace. Yes, and each brought her work. You sewed, and I knitted. Then, when Thomas brought us flowers, we left off our work to make nosegays. You gave me yours, and I gave you mine. That was enough to make us think of each other the whole next day.

Thomas. And now that is all over, never to return!

Alicia. No; we shall have no more such delightful moments. It will make me grow sick, and then my papa will be sorry, and I will tell him, that if he would restore me to health, he must allow me to see my little friends again. (*They all three embrace, and weep.*)

Grace. But meantime the grove will be cut down; it certainly must.

Alicia. And why?

Grace. Ah; Miss Alicia, I have not told you all. About ten years ago, Mr. Crumpton lent my father fifty pounds to set him up; and you know that my father has never yet been able to pay him.

Alicia. (*aside,*) Oh! this was the debt he mentioned just now.

Grace.

Grace. If we keep the grove, Mr. Crumpton will have his fifty pounds; and my father does not know how to raise them. Amongst all his friends, there is none but your papa himself that could furnish him with so great a sum; and he is the very person that demands it.

Alicia. (taking both their hands.) Oh! if there be nothing but that, I can settle it.

Grace. Settle it?

Thomas. You, Miss?

Alicia. (with joy in her countenance.) Do you promise not to betray me?

Grace. I betray you!

Thomas. Can you doubt us? But we will promise.

Alicia. Well then, hear me. You know—I cannot think of it without being sorry still—You know how fond my mama was of me. In her last illness, one day when I was alone with her, she called me to her bed-side: shedding a flood of tears, she kissed me, and taking a purse from under her pillow, Here, my dear Alicia, said she, take this. I forbid you to let any one know that I have given it to you. Keep this money for important occasions. You have
a kind

a kind heart and a good understanding for your age; (it was mama, however, that said this.) You will know how to dispose of it worthily. Your father has a noble and generous soul, but is something passionate and revengeful. You may, perhaps, save him some occasions of vexation or sorrow. On so extensive an estate as ours, there must be many poor people who have suffered undeserved losses; such you may assist in secret. You may also repay such services as may be done you, without having always recourse to your father. It is through your hands that I have for these two years past distributed my favours and my assistance: I hope that you have acquired sufficient discernment to distinguish those who have a claim to pity. In short, I doubt not but you will make the best use of this little sum which I trust to your hands, for the benefit of honesty in distress. I shall think that I myself have done the good which you shall do; and it is the best means by which I can be present to your memory." She was so faint that she could say no more; but I shall ever remember this discourse as long as I live.

Grace.

Grace. (*wiping her eyes.*) Excellent lady!

Thomas. My father and mother never speak of her but with tears in their eyes.

Alicia. My mama had a great friendship for them too. She told me at her death, always to look upon Mr. Garvey as one of my best friends, and to follow his sensible advice in every thing. You see, then, that I have obligations to you. How happy am I in honouring mama's memory; in satisfying my own gratitude; in saving my papa from an act of injustice; in sparing him the sorrow that he would feel for it; in preserving every thing; the charming little tuft of trees; our own friendship; the pleasure of seeing each other as before—

Grace, (*throwing her arms round her neck.*) O my dear Miss Alicia!

Thomas, (*taking her hand.*) My father will bless you in his heart, but he will never take your money.

Alicia. Certainly he will take it if I request him. Nobody in the world shall know any thing of it. Stay here, my dear friends; I will go for it.

Thomas. I shall not take the charge of it, however.

Alicia.

Alicia. You shall, my dear Grace. And Thomas, if you hinder her, take notice I do not accept your squirrel: I obey my father rigorously; I never look at you again; I never go either to your house, or into the grove again.

Grace. Well, Miss, since you speak in that manner—

Alicia, (stopping her mouth.) You do not know what you say. I won't even hear you. Stay for me, I shall soon return. If I am not interrupted, I shall write a few lines to your father. In case that I cannot join you again, I will put the purse near the summer-house; there, under that large stone. Mark the place well now; do you hear?

Grace. I am sure that my father will send me back with your money.

Alicia. Let him beware of that. Besides, you will not know where to find me; for, alas! it is perhaps the last time that we shall be allowed to discourse together.

Grace. Ah! Miss Alicia, what cruel words!

Alicia. I must certainly obey my father. But we are neighbours: we are not forbidden

den to look at each other; and whenever our eyes can meet unobserved—

Grace. Oh! mine shall take care to seek yours, and to tell them that I shall never forget to love you.

Thomas. Who will hinder us to be in your way when you go out to walk? and then—

Alicia. You are right. A smile, a little wink or side look can pass without being seen. Come, take comfort; all will go well. But where is the squirrel? As I am going into my room, I will carry it up.

Thomas. Stop a moment; I will go and fetch his house, and carry it for you as far as your door. (*Runs to the summer-house.*)

Alicia. Good bye, my dear Grace.

Grace. Dear Miss Alicia, I cannot believe that it is to be for ever.

Thomas, (returning in a fright with the squirrel's house.) Bless me! the squirrel is not here.

Alicia. What! my squirrel gone? O dear, Thomas!

Thomas. Somebody must have opened the door, for I remember shutting it.

Alicia. It can be none but my brother. He was jealous that you made me a present

of it; and while we were speaking here, he slipped into the summer-house and opened his little door.

Thomas. Perhaps he only carried away the squirrel to play with him a little.

Alicia. I know him better than you do. He has let him run away.

Thomas. Well, stay; he cannot be very far off. If I can discover him upon some tree, I need only shew him a nut to make him come down immediately. I will go and hunt all about.

Alicia, (to Thomas.) I wish you success in the chase, my dear friend! *(To Grace.)* Poor Thomas! I pity him, he was so happy in making me that present!

Grace. That is true indeed. He never was at ease until he had brought it to you.

Alicia. Well, I must leave you, my dear Grace. I will take the terrace walk; it leads to the house; and do you go out by the little door of the garden, and slip round along the wall. You need only stand under my window, without taking notice of any thing. I will throw you the purse-with a letter. If my papa is not in my way, I will come and bring them to you myself.

Grace. O my dear generous friend, what good nature! (*They go out different ways.*)

S C E N E VI.

Mr. Crumpton, Constantine.

Constantine. Well, papa, was I wrong? You see what pains my sister takes to obey you.

Mr. Crumpton. And what is this story of a squirrel?

Constantine. I did not tell it to you while we were hid, because they would have heard us. But here is the affair: The dear friend Thomas made a present of the squirrel to the dear friend Alicia. The dear friend Alicia received this ugly little beast with so much pleasure, that she calls it her dear friend Tommy. But I have managed so, that she has not had much amusement with it.

Mr. Crumpton. How so?

Constantine. They put the squirrel's little house on the summer-house bench. I slipped in there, whilst they were taking a tender farewell. I opened the little door, took the squirrel out, and let him loose amongst

the trees. I saw him soon climb up into a tree, and jump from branch to branch. They will be pretty cunning if they ever catch him again.

Mr. Crumpton. Then, sir, you have done a very rascally action. Did not I forbid you to molest those poor children? and you knew very well the sorrow that you would cause to your sister.

Constantine. Since she disobeyed you, did she not deserve to be punished?

Mr. Crumpton. Is it to you that the right of punishing her belonged? Run, tell the gardener and his people to look for the squirrel, and bring it to me.

Constantine. But papa, you forbid my sister any communication with Mr. Garvey's children; and will you suffer her to receive a present from them?

Mr. Crumpton. Was Thomas informed of my intentions when he brought the squirrel?

Constantine. At least Alicia knew them, and was not that disobeying you?

Mr. Crumpton. It belonged to me to determine that. She certainly would have shewed me the present that she received;

and if I thought it proper, I should order her to return it. Again I say, run and let this squirrel be found again, or you shall answer to me for it.

Constantine. But papa, you have heard them talk finely. My sister has money unknown to you, and she gives it to Mr. Garvey to pay you. Should not I do better, to go and watch Grace, to surprise her when she receives the purse, and bring it to you?

Mr. Crumpton. Do it if you dare. You know my orders. Obey.

Constantine, (murmuring.) I thought that I had done such fine things!

S C E N E VII.

Mr. Crumpton, (musing.)

Yes, I see that I have suffered my passion to carry me too far. What a pattern of friendship, gratitude and generosity, do these children shew! It is true, I had forbidden Alicia—But should I have forbidden her? should I suppress those sentiments in her heart, to which I myself had given birth? Could I deprive her of the only happiness which she enjoys in this solitude? the

greatest happiness in human life? an amiable and virtuous society with children of her own age? a blessing, the loss of which I could not make good with all my fortune? and for what reason? to satisfy an empty whim. My dear Alicia, neither those grottoes, those bridges, those Chinese temples, nor all those ornaments with which I meant to embellish my garden, nothing, in short, could have made you forget the unadorned grove where friendship found so sweet a retreat. What a lesson is this to me? But for you, I was also going to lose a valuable friendship. However, you preserve to me that precious blessing. You save me from injustice and remorse. How strongly your noble conduct makes me feel the unworthiness of your brother. Ill-natured boy! in what an odious light has he shewn himself? But let me banish this mortifying idea from my heart. I am impatient to know if Mr. Garvey thinks as generously as his children. The part that he takes, will determine my happiness. I have either lost a friend undeserving of my attachment, or I shall now find one entirely worthy of me. (*Alicia crossing the bottom of the stage on tiptoes, Mr. Crumpton*

Crumpton perceives her, and calls,) Alicia!
(*She goes on. Mr. Crumpton calls a second time,)* Alicia! come hither!

S C E N E VIII.

Mr. Crumpton, Alicia.

Mr. Crumpton. Where were you going?
Why did you strive to avoid me?

Alicia, (confused.) Because—I was afraid
to disturb you, papa.

Mr. Crumpton. You were going, perhaps,
to look for the squirrel that Thomas gave
you as a present?

Alicia. Yes, papa. It is true, he has
given me one. I suppose Constantine told
you.

Mr. Crumpton. You did not receive it, I
presume.

Alicia. I! not receive it!—Oh! yes, how
could I avoid it? Poor Tommy! he was in
such joy when he offered it to me.

Mr. Crumpton. You must return it.

Alicia. Yes, papa, if I had it; but it has
run away.

Mr. Crumpton. Is this true, Alicia?

L 4

Alicia.

Alicia. Yes, sir, I assure you. I can shew you his house; it is empty.

Mr. Crumpton. Who could have let it out? this was a trick of Constantine's.

Alicia. No, papa. Do not accuse my brother of it. The door must have been ill-fastened, and so the prisoner escaped. But Tommy is in pursuit of him, and if he catches it again, he will bring it back to me.

Mr. Crumpton. You mean then, to have a second conversation with him? What have you to say to him? Have not you told him my resolution? And have not you taken your leave of him?

Alicia. Yes, papa; but—Oh! I was so sorry! I shall not easily comfort myself.

Mr. Crumpton. You find then a difficulty in obeying me?

Alicia. Oh! it is not that; don't think that. But could you love me still, could you own me for your child, if I were to tell you that this quarrel does not grieve me? What would you think of me, or what would my friends think, if I could withdraw my heart from them at once, without feeling the least concern?

Mr. Crump-

Mr. Crumpton. But is the offence offered me by their father so indifferent to you that you take no part in it?

Alicia. O no—I do take a part in it, and I would give any thing in the world that you had full satisfaction.

Mr. Crumpton. You know then what I ask of him, and what he refuses me?

Alicia. I know—I know—Ah! papa; why do you ask me?

Mr. Crumpton. Because I would know if Mr. Garvey's children are acquainted with the affair, and have entrusted it to you.

Alicia. Yes, they told me—they told me all. Do not be angry, papa!

Mr. Crumpton. Well, what do you think of my demand? Does it appear unreasonable? Have not I a right to expect from Mr. Garvey, in return for all my kindness, a slight compliment, which I would repay him an hundred-fold?

Alicia. Dear papa, I am only a child; how can I decide amongst grown people?

Mr. Crumpton. Consult your heart. I would know what that says.

Alicia. Pray excuse me. My heart, perhaps,

haps, might say something that would displease you.

Mr. Crumpton. I understand. It would judge, no doubt, that I am in the wrong.

Alicia. Ah! now you are going to be angry.

Mr. Crumpton. Only speak; you will see.

Alicia. I would not offend you for any thing in the world.

Mr. Crumpton. You will not; only tell me freely what you think.

Alicia. Well then, I think that you are right, and Mr. Garvey too.

Mr. Crumpton. Both of us right? You little flatterer, that is impossible. One of us must be right, and the other wrong.

Alicia. Pardon me! I spoke it as I think. You have done Mr. Garvey great kindnesses, and are right to expect from him, in acknowledgement, a matter that you have so much at heart: and he is right in refusing it you, because he has reasons for not giving it up.

Mr. Crumpton. But are his reasons just, or ill-founded?

Alicia. It is not for me to be the judge of them. You look upon it as his duty, in gratitude

gratitude to give you up his little grove; and he looks upon the keeping of it to be also a duty of gratitude. You would cut it down, to make a fine prospect; he thinks it an agreeable shady retreat for his children. You are his landlord, and have power: he has nothing but the prayers and tears of his family.

Mr. Crumpton. Enough of this; you are too dangerous an advocate. Well, let him pay me the fifty pounds that I have lent him, and he may keep his grove.

Alicia. Then it will be force—

Mr. Crumpton. That will shew which is right, Eh?

Alicia. No papa, I only meant—Oh! I do not know what I would say. But the fifty pounds, where can he have them?

Mr. Crumpton. If you do not know, neither do I. However, if he applied to you—

Alicia, (embracing her father.) Oh! I cannot conceal it from you any longer. And though you were even to punish me for it—I have deserved your anger—I have—

Mr. Crumpton. Come, come, let me go! What does all this mean, Miss?

S C E N E IX.

Mr. Crumpton, Alicia, Constantine, (hauling in Grace,) Grace.

Constantine. Ah! papa, I have her, I have her. She has a letter; I suppose, for my sister. Come, give it to me, or I'll search you all over. Yes, yes, she had it in her hand as she slipped along the yew-hedge.

Mr. Crumpton. No violence, Constantine. *(To Grace.)* Do you want any body here, child?

Grace. (confused.) No—Yes, sir, I was looking for—

Mr. Crumpton. Why are you frightened? Well, whom do you want?

Grace. Miss Alicia.

Constantine. But you know, Grace, that papa has forbidden her to speak to you.

Mr. Crumpton, (to Constantine.) I desire you would be silent. *(To Grace.)* and what is this letter in question?

Grace. It is nothing—nothing— *(looking sorrowfully at Alicia.)* Ah! Miss Alicia, will you forgive me?—

Alicia.

Alicia. My dear Grace, we must hide nothing from papa, now.

Constantine, (to Mr. Crumpton.) How fir? they speak to each other before your face. Is that obedience?

Mr. Crumpton. Will you be silent? Well, Grace, may not I know?—

Grace. Well, fir, since I must tell you, the matter is, that my father has written a letter to miss here, thanking her for her kindness. (*trembling as she offers the letter to Alicia. Constantine seizes it.*)

Constantine. O papa! it is full of money. (*To Alicia.*) Ah! you will be paid now.

Alicia. I was going to confess the whole to you, papa, when Grace and my brother interrupted us. I submit to my punishment.

Mr. Crumpton, (opens the letter and reads.)

“ Most worthy young Lady,

“ I SHOULD not be deserving of your generous intentions in my favour, if I were base enough to lead you into the slightest act of deceit, by accepting the money which you offer me in order to pay your papa. No, my dear miss, I am his debtor, and shall have the misfortune to continue so, until I can acquit my debt by my own resources.

sources. I am unhappy in not being able on this occasion to meet your father's wishes so cheerfully as I would on any other. If Mr. Crumpton, without mentioning it to me, had pursued the course which his power enables him to use, I should never have expostulated. He may assure himself, that I should not even have formed in my own mind a single complaint against him. At least, I should not have to reproach myself with violating the sacred promise that I have past. Let him know these sentiments, my worthy little friend. His friendship and yours are more valuable to me than all the possessions in the world. Continue still in the same generous disposition towards me and my children.

I have the honour to be, &c."

(*Mr. Crumpton, without shutting the letter, looks at Alicia.*)

Alicia, (running to him.) Now, papa, you shall know how this money came into my hands, and forgive me for not owning it to you before!—

Mr. Crumpton, (kissing her.) I know the whole, my dear Alicia. I heard your conversation. I am delighted with the nobleness

ness and generosity of your sentiments. I do not blush to confess, that perhaps, but for you, I was going to commit an action that would have made me unhappy all my life. Here is your money. Make that noble use of it which your excellent mother enjoined. Do not fear that I shall ever suffer it to be exhausted by your bounty. Your little grove shall remain, my dear children, and friendship shall unite you still.

Alicia, (taking his hand.) O papa! I owe you now a second life.

Grace, (taking his other hand.) O sir! what goodness! Ah! how my father—

Mr. Crumpton. Tell him, my dear Grace, that I request him to take his note again; that I have a small alteration to make in it, of which I will speak to him.

Constantine. How? papa, you—

Mr. Crumpton. Hold your ill-natured tongue. You have given me to-day proofs of a very bad heart.

Constantine. I have only obeyed you. Must not children obey their parents?

Mr. Crumpton. Without doubt, they must. But when the commands of their parents are unjust, they must then first obey their
duty

duty and their Maker. If your heart did not tell you that mine yielded too much to passion, I have no further hopes of you. See how Alicia has acted.

Constantine. But mama did not leave me any money at my own disposal.

Mr. Crumpton. Because she foresaw the improper use that you might have made of it. And then, had not you words at least of comfort for your little friends, and for a man who had once the care of your education? But what is become of the squirrel? Have you given orders to find him?

Constantine. I could see nobody in the garden.

SCENE X.

Mr. Crumpton, Constantine, Alicia, Grace, Thomas.

(Thomas enters running, and out of breath. He holds the squirrel in one hand, the other is wrapped in a handkerchief stained with drops of blood.)

Thomas. Joy! joy! here he is! I have found him, here he is! *(perceiving Mr. Crumpton, he stops short.)*

Alicia.

Alicia, (running to him.) O! my good Tommy, *(she takes the squirrel.)* My pretty little Tommy, have I found you? Oh! you shall never escape from me again. Come, fir, march into your house once more. *(Shuts him up in his house, and carries him into the summer-house.)*

Mr. Crumpton. What is the matter with your hand, my dear Tom? I think I see blood upon your handkerchief.

Thomas, (with surprise and joy.) My dear Tom! miss, do you hear that?

Alicia. Yes, Thomas; all is made up.

Grace. Now we are friends for ever. *(Thomas jumps for joy, and bows to Mr. Crumpton. Grace taking her brother's hand, and looking at it with concern.)* Have you hurt yourself? Let me see.

Alicia. And on my account too?

Thomas. It is nothing. It was a branch that broke with the spring that I made to jump after the runaway. I tore my hand a little; but I should have left an arm behind, rather than not bring back the squirrel to Miss Alicia.

Alicia. Ah! how good-natured! Papa, you must have it dressed. Nurse has an excellent salve.

Mr.

Mr. Crumpton. That care shall be yours. Come, children, follow me. I will have a little entertainment prepared for you to-day, at my house, and I will go myself, and invite your parents to come and partake of it. I have been your scholar this day, and I see, by your example, that well-disposed children may sometimes give useful lessons to their parents.

AMELIA.

AMELIA, when scarcely six years old, was very fond of her mamma, and wished continually to be with her. On a certain day, Amelia's mother was going to market, and the little girl entreated to accompany her thither. You will only be troublesome to me, child, said she. No, no; I hope, I shall not be troublesome to you, said Amelia; and pressed so much that her mama at last consented to give her leave.

They

They set out, therefore, both together. As it chanced, their house was in the country, and the paths proved very bad. Amelia frequently was forced to walk behind her mother, when the ruts would not permit them to have hold of one another. They were now come very near the town; and as it chanced, the road was crowded with a multitude of people passing every way. The little girl was often separated from her mother; but this gave her no uneasiness, as after two or three such accidents, she had rejoined her with ease, but the nearer they approached the market, the more she perceived the crowd to augment. This should necessarily have made her watchful of the way that her mother went; and yet, a sort of puppet-show which was exhibiting, had charms sufficient to detain her. She stopped short to gaze at Punchinello. In the midst, however, of her entertainment, she turned round, but could not see her mother; she ran on, called out, and scrambling up a bank, at once looked over all the people's heads: but it was in vain. She could not see her, could not hear her voice; and now the little maiden, being frightened, durst
not

not mix among so great a crowd, *that* jostled one another. So she got into a corner, called out mammy! mammy! and burst into a flood of tears.

The people that went by, looked at her, *There is a little girl, said one among them, in a piteous taking! What is the matter with you?* asked another. *I have lost my mammy!* Oh, never mind it; answered he. *You will find her out again, I warrant you.* A third said, *Do not cry, my little girl. She will not come to you the sooner for that.* Thus said many, and they all went on about their business.

By good luck, at last, however, an old woman who sold eggs and butter, and was lame; and therefore could not walk without a crutch, was going by, but seeing her in such distress, stopped short and pitied her. *And which way was your mother going, little dear,* said the woman, *when you lost her?* *She was going to the market,* said Amelia. *Well, be comforted,* replied the first; *and come along with me. I will take you to the market. You will find her there, no doubt.* Amelia gave her hand; that moment, to the good old woman, and soon reached the market. As they

they entered, she perceived her mother, gave a cry of joy, and up her mother came immediately. She took the little girl into her arms, and said, You frightened me exceedingly, my dear, by wandering from me: and the child instantly flew into her arms, and burst into tears.

She told her of the puppet-show, and that she had stopped to look at it; how she called out after her, and how the good old market-woman, and she only, had taken pity of her and brought her through the crowd. Amelia's mother thanked her, bought what eggs and butter she had left, and gave her more than she asked. Amelia kissed her ten times over; and while going home, would talk of nothing but the good old market-woman.

When the first fine weather came, Amelia begged her mother to go see Dame Dunch, which was the market-woman's name: and she consented, took a loaf of bread, and half a pound of tea, with sugar in proportion. Dame Dunch's dwelling was a wooden one: it was not large, but very clean and comfortable. In the front, there was a little grass-plat, shaded on every
side

side by fruit-trees; upon which, Amelia danced till evening with a niece of the Dame's, who was as kind and good-natured as her aunt.

Amelia's mother always bought Dame Dunch's eggs and butter, but complained that she rated them at too low a price; while Dame Dunch would have it that she was paid too much. Amelia and her mother gave the good old woman all the assistance in their power; and when in *her* turn the old woman could be serviceable to Amelia or her mother, she would put on her linen apron, take her crutch, and come quite out of breath, but very joyous.

Thus they did each other mutual service: but the good old woman had the greatest reason to rejoice, that she had taken pity on a little girl in trouble. In the act of helping her, she did not think that her good heart would gain her such a multitude of happy hours.

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Good So.

A good heart compensates for
many indiscretions

A GOOD HEART COMPENSATES FOR
MANY INDISCRETIONS.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. VAUGHAN.

MARY ANNE, - *his Daughter*

FREDERICK, - *his Nephew.*

DOROTHEA, - *his Niece.*

SERVANT.

PETER, - *an old Coachman.*

SCENE, *An apartment in Mr. Vaughan's
Country-House.*

S C E N E I.

Mr. Vaughan.

THIS is what one gains by taking
charge of other people's children!
This Frederick, how I loved him? he was,
I believe, dearer to me than my own son,
and the scape-grace now plays these pranks!
How could he change so far from what he
promised in his infancy! Such goodness of
heart, such spirit, such chearfulness! The
courage

courage of a lion, and the mildness of a lamb! One could not help loving him. But let him never appear before me again. I will never even hear him mentioned.

SCENE II.

Mr. Vaughan, Dorothea.

Dorothea. Did you send for me, uncle? What are your commands?

Mr. Vaughan. I have fine news for you, concerning your rogue of a brother.

Doroth. (*turning pale.*) Concerning Frederick?

Mr. Vaughan. There, read that letter from Richard, or I will read it to you myself. (*reads.*)

“ Dear Papa,

“ I am sorry to have none but disagreeable news for you; however, it is better that you should receive them from me, than from another. Our dear Frederick”—Oh! yes! he deserves that affectionate name now.—“ Our dear Frederick goes on very indifferently. He sold his watch some days ago, and what is still worse, the greatest
part

part of his school books and books of devotion. I will tell you how I came to know it. At a stall of second-hand books, I asked the other day by chance for the Whole Duty of Man; for as I had fairly worn mine out by reading it, I thought I could not do better than to buy another. The bookseller shewed me one which I knew immediately to be Frederick's. I was positive of it, as his name was upon the title page. I bought it for six-pence, but did not say a word about it, for fear of prejudicing our school-fellows against him. I contented myself with shewing it to the head master who sent for the bookseller, and asked him from whom he had that book. The bookseller confessed that he had bought it from my cousin, and Frederick could not deny it, but said, that he had sold it because he wanted money; and that meantime, until he should be able to buy another, he had borrowed one from a friend who had two. The head master would know what he had done with this money, and Frederick told him, though I suspect his account to be all a fib. Oh! thought I to myself, we must find if he has not parted

with some of his necessaries too. I thought first of the watch that you gave him for his new-year's gift, to let him see how his time went, which was a matter that he minded very little, as you may remember. I asked him what o'clock it was. He seemed confused and told me that his watch was at the watch-maker's. I went thither that moment, in order to be certain. There was not a word of truth in it. I reasoned with him, as an affectionate cousin ought; but he answered me that it was no concern of mine, and that his watch was much better as he had disposed of it than in his fob, as he had no longer occasion to know the hour, for his business. Who knows what he may have done worse? for one cannot guess the whole."—Well what do you say to this, Dorothy?

Doroth. Dear uncle, I own I am as much displeased at my brother as you are. Notwithstanding—

Mr. Vaughan. A little patience! this is not all, The best of the story is to come. *(reads.)*

"Only hear what he has done since. The day before yesterday he went out in the afternoon

afternoon without leave. Evening came on; he did not return. Supper bell rang: he was not to be found. In short, he staid out the whole night, and did not come in until the next morning. You may imagine how he was received. They asked him where he had been; but he had invented all his stories before-hand. And indeed though every thing that he said were true—however, he is to appear this evening before all the masters; and if they do him justice, he will be expelled shamefully, or at least sent home. What afflicts me most is his ingratitude for all your kindneffes, the disgrace that he brings on us, and the irregular way of life that he follows. I cannot believe that he told truth, in speaking of the place where he spent the night.”—And, why do not you mention it?—“ But I wish that he may, It would be still worse, and he would only be the more worthy of your resentment. He threatens now, to run away, and go home.” Yes, yes, let him come! let him only put his foot upon my threshold; he will see the consequence. Let him go where he spends his nights. As for you, Dorothea, I desire you never to speak a word to me

in his favour. They may put him in prison, send him home, expel him ignominiously; it is all equal to me. I shall never concern myself about him. He may go to some seaport and ship himself as cabin-boy for the West-Indies. I have used him as my son too long.

Doroth. True, my dear uncle, you have been as a father to us, and even our own parents could not have shewn more care and kindness to us.

Mr. Vaughan. I have done it with pleasure, and take no merit to myself for it. Your mother, while I was abroad on my travels, did the same for my children. So it became my duty, and I never to this day declined it: but—

Doroth. Yet, sir, if my brother has forgot himself for a moment, it is owing only to his impetuous temper. You have had him long under your eye. Whenever he had done a fault, his repentance and sorrow for having offended you, always exceeded the offence.

Mr. Vaughan. Well, and how many indiscretions have I pardoned him? When he burned his eye-brows and hair with his fireworks;

works; when he threw a stone through one of our neighbour's windows, and broke a large looking-glass; when he fell into the mire, and spoiled a new suit of clothes; when he overturned the handsomest carriage that ever I had; did not I forgive him all this? I attributed these mischievous freaks to a petulance that did not however as yet shew a bad disposition: but to sell his watch and his books, to leave his school a-nights and lye out, to fly against his masters, and still to have the face to think of coming home to me!

Doroth. My dear uncle, be pleased first to hear what he can say in his justification.

Mr. Vaughan. Hear him? Heaven forbid that I should even see him. I shall tell all my tenants to receive him with a good stick, if he offers to come amongst them.

Doroth. Ah! no. Your heart could never consent to such harshness. You will not deny the request of a niece that loves and honours you as her father.

Mr. Vaughan. You shall see whether that will be difficult to me.

Doroth. Will you have me think then that you no longer love the memory of your sister, that you no longer love me?

Mr. Vaughan. You? I have no fault to find with you; and therefore your brother's misbehaviour shall never change my sentiments as to you. But if you love me, do not teaze me with any more solicitations. Study only to live happy in my friendship.

Doroth. How can I live happy, while I see my brother in disgrace with you?

Mr. Vaughan. He has deserved it but too well. Why not tell what he did with the money, and where he lay out?

Doroth. It appears from the letter that he confessed both. It is only Richard that will not believe him. (*Looks at Mr. Vaughan with tears in her eyes.*) Ah! dear uncle—

Mr. Vaughan, (a little softened.) Well. He shall have one chance more, on your account. I will wait for the head master's letter.

SCENE III.

Mr. Vaughan, Dorothea, Servant.

Mr. Vaughan. What do you want?

Servant. A messenger, sir, would speak to you.

Mr. Vaughan. What has he brought?

Servant.

Servant. A letter from the school. (*Gives him the letter.*)

Mr. Vaughan, (*looking at the superscription.*) Right! I was waiting for this. It comes from the head master: I know his hand. Where is the messenger? Let him wait for my answer.

Servant. Shall I shew him up?

Mr. Vaughan. No; I will go down. I wish to inform myself from his own mouth. (*Goes out. Dorothea following him, the Servant makes signs to her to stop.*)

SCENE IV.

Dorothea, Servant.

Servant. Harkye, Miss Dorothea! come here!

Dorothea. What have you to say?

Servant. Master Frederick is here.

Doroth. My brother?

Servant. If he be not come yet, he is not far off.

Doroth. Who told you so?

Servant. The messenger that overtook him on the road. Ah! miss! what has Master Frederick done?

M 4

Doroth.

Doroth. Nothing unworthy. Do not believe him capable of it.

Servant. Ah! I never thought so of him. Heaven knows we all loved him, and would have given our lives for him. He satisfied us for the least service that we could do him. He spoke for us to your uncle, whenever he was in a passion with us; and he was a friend to all the poor people in the neighbourhood. I wonder how his school-master could be angry with him. Well! I see how it is. They were going to punish him for some arch prank, and he, being a fine spirited young gentleman, would not be used so roughly.

Doroth. Where did the messenger find him?

Servant. About a stage off. He was sleeping under a willow on the bank of a little stream.

Doroth. My poor brother!

Servant. The man stopped till he awoke. You must think how surprized Master Frederick was on seeing him. He imagined that this man had been sent after him to bring him back; and he told him that he would

would sooner be torn in pieces, than go with him.

Doroth. Ah! I know his stout resolute way.

Servant. The messenger protested to him that, (he had such a regard for him,) if he were sure to be scolded, or even to lose his place for it, he would not molest him. He then told him his message, and how they spoke of him at school.

Doroth. And what did my brother resolve to do?

Servant. Although he was spent with fatigue, he walked on by the messenger's side, and they came together as far as the edge of our grove. Master Frederick struck in there, to go and hide himself in the grotto, and there he will stay for the messenger's return, to know how your uncle will take matters.

Doroth. Oh! if I could speak to him!

Servant. I fancy that he wishes it as much as you.

Doroth. My uncle often walks that way. If he should meet him in the first heat of his passion! Oh! be so kind as to run and tell him to hide himself in the barn, behind

the trusses of hay. I will go to him as soon as my uncle walks out.

Servant. Never fear, miss. I will bring him there myself, and help him to hide himself. (*Goes out.*)

S C E N E V.

Dorothea; (alone.)

What troubles he continually causes to me! yet I cannot help loving him.

S C E N E VI.

Dorothea, Mary Anne.

Doroth. Ah! dear cousin, how did I long to speak with you! and yet, alas! I have but very bad news for you.

Mary Anne. I know the whole. My papa just now gave me my brother's letter to read. That from the schoolmaster has redoubled his anger against Frederick.

Doroth. I do not know how to go about justifying him.

Mary Anne. I would wager that he is innocent. Do you know Richard's hypocrisy! He does all the faults, and is cunning

ning enough to lay the blame of them upon others. This is not the first instance of his striving to hurt your brother in my papa's opinion. Twenty times, has he, by underhand complaints, had him almost turned out of the house; and then, when matters have been cleared up, he himself has been found the only person in fault. I see, even from his letter, that he is a pickthank, and that Frederick, at worst, has been only imprudent.

Doroth. What comfort your kindness affords me! Yes, my brother is naturally well inclined, free, sincere, generous, unsuspecting; but he is also petulant, daring, and inconsiderate. He is headstrong in his resolutious, and loses respect for those that do not treat him according to his humour.

Mary Anne. And Richard is envious, disssembling, hypocritical, and fawning. Like a cat that gives you at first a paw as soft as velvet, and afterwards strikes you with her talons at the moment when you depend most on her kindness. How willingly would I give my brother, with all his false virtues, for yours, "with all his imperfec-

tions on his head." "The worst is, that Frederick is not here.

Doroth. And if he were?

Mary Anne. Eh! where is he then? Let me run to him. I long to see him.

Doroth. Hift! I think I hear my uncle talking to himself.

Mary Anne. Well, you are Frederick's fister; it is but right that you should fee him firft. I will ftay here with my papa, and try to foften him. Do you run to the poor wanderer, and give him fome words of comfort and hope.

Doroth. Yes, and a good lecture befides, I affure you, for he deferves that at all events. (*Goes out.*)

SCENE VII.

Mr. Vaughan, Mary Anne.

Mr. Vaughan. I am fo provoked with this boy that I have not been able to write, in order to fend back the meffenger. However, he may ftay here till to-morrow morning. Let me compofe myfelf a little.

Mary Anne. How, papa! are you ftill angry-with my poor coufin? Is his crime fo very great then?

Mr.

Mr. Vaughan. Truly it becomes you much to excuse him. I see that your head is no better than his, and you would have done worse, perhaps, in his place. Yet you have both of you a good example before you.

Mary Anne. Who is that?

Mr. Vaughan. My good boy Richard.

Mary Anne. Oh! yes. My brother is a boy of great veracity, indeed, very generous! he is a pretty pattern!

Mr. Vaughan. I know that Dolly and you are no friends to him. I myself, from your opinions of him, had conceived a prejudice against him; but his master gives me such a good account of him to-day—

Mary Anne. Nay, did not all his masters quite ficken you with his praises here? They knew his father's fortune, and people always hope to wheedle presents from a father, by flattering him about his son.

Mr. Vaughan. I grant, they may have flattered me a little with regard to him; however, from his earliest childhood he has never played me a single prank of the thousands that Frederick has.

Mary Anne. His pranks never injured any body but himself.

Mr.

Mr. Vaughan. You would make one mad. Did he hurt nobody but himself, when he overturned my chariot? a carriage elegantly gilt, and quite new, that had just cost me two hundred pounds!

Mary Anne. It was but an accident; imprudence is pardonable at his age. Peter was trying the carriage, and Frederick teased him so much to take him up on the seat, that at last he did. After they had gone a little way, he dropped the whip, and Peter went down for it. The horses, finding the reins in weaker hands, set off. Luckily the harness gave way, and nothing suffered but the carriage.

Mr. Vaughan. That was not enough, perhaps! And who, upon the whole, has more reason to complain than I?

Mary Anne. Frederick, who had his head terribly cut; but above all, poor Peter that lost his place by it.

Mr. Vaughan. I cannot think of it yet with patience. That fine adventure cost me above eighty guineas!

Mary Anne. And how much grief did it cost the good-natured Frederick! He will
never

never forgive himself for having occasioned poor Peter's disgrace.

Mr. Vaughan. Two good-for-nothing fellows, fit to go together! I am surprised, however, that you pick out the worst characters, and plead their cause. Really it is a pity that you were not born a boy, to be companion to your cousin. I think, you would have had charming adventures together.

Mary Anne. Nay, but—

Mr. Vaughan. Hold your tongue! your teasing tires me. I am going to take a turn in the garden. Go find Dorothea, and both of you come to me. (*Goes out without his hat.*)

SCENE VIII.

Mary Anne.

I shall have a good deal of trouble to bring him about. However, let us not despair. He is only ill-natured in words.

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

Mary Anne, Dorothea.

Doroth. (half opening the door, and peeping in.) Hift.

Mary Anne. Well?

Doroth. Is my uncle out?

Mary Anne. He is juft gone. Where is Frederick?

Doroth. He waits for us on the back ftairs.

Mary Anne. You have nothing to do but to take him to our room.

Doroth. No; that won't do. Jenny is there.

Mary Anne. Why, cannot we bring him here? Nobody comes here when my papa is out.

Doroth. You are right; and it will be eafier too for him to flip out upon occafion. Stay here, I will bring him up

SCENE

SCENE X.

Mary Anne.

How curious I am to hear him tell his story! And I shall be glad to see him too. It is above a year since he left us. Ah! I hear him. (*Goes to the door to meet him.*)

SCENE XI.

Mary Anne, Dorothea, Frederick.

Mary Anne, (embracing him.) Ah! my dear cousin.

Doroth. He deserves this kindness, to be sure, after the trouble he has caused us.

Mary Anne. I see him, and all is forgotten.

Frederick. My dear cousin, do I find you then still the same? You have never been so hard upon me as my sister.

Doroth. If I were as much so as your uncle; then indeed!—

Frederick. In the first place, what does *he* say? Can it be true that he is so enraged against me?

Doroth.

Doroth. If he knew us to conceal you here, we should have nothing left for it, but to quit the house, and go about our business.

Mary Anne. Oh! it is very true. Do not think of appearing before him yet awhile. He is in a humour to do you a mischief just now.

Frederick. What can our head master have written to him?

Doroth. A handsome encomium upon your exploits.

Mary Anne. My brother had touched a little upon the subject by yesterday's post.

Frederick. What! has Richard written? Then I have occasion for nothing more to justify me. He knows the whole matter as well as I, for I entrusted him with every thing.

Mary Anne. If we judge of you from his letter, all is over.

Frederick. Well, if I be not innocent, I am the greatest rogue—

Doroth. That is saying nothing. You must be either one or the other.

Frederick. And could you think me guilty? What is my crime? selling my watch?

Doroth.

Doroth. Is that all? who knows but you may have fold shirts too, and your clothes—

Frederick. Very true. I would have fold every thing, if I had occasion for more money.

Doroth. A very pretty defence, truly! and to pass whole nights from the school!

Frederick. One night, sister.

Doroth. And to fly out against a proper chastisement!

Frederick. Say rather, against an outrage that I did not deserve. If I had submitted to it, I should always have been disgraced in the opinion of my uncle: and if they had expelled me, I should never have appeared before you.

Mary Anne. But, dear Frederick, what can you say in your defence? We should know it, in order to clear you to papa.

Frederick. Here is the fact. Some days ago they talked of a fair that was to be in the neighbouring village. Our master gave a few of us leave to go there, in order to amuse ourselves, and gratify our curiosity.

Doroth. Oh! then it was for oranges and tarts that your watch and your *Whole Duty*
of

of *Man* went, or perhaps for a fight of monkeys and tumblers.

Frederick. Surely, my sister must have a great taste for these things, to suppose that I could spend my money on them. No, it was not so. I was dry, and went into a public house to have some beer.

Doroth. Why, this is worse still.

Frederick. Really, sister, you are very severe, But do let me finish. While I was sitting there—

Mary Anne, (listening at the door.) We are undone? my papa! I hear him!

Doroth. Run! run!

Frederick. No; I will wait for my uncle, and throw myself at his feet.

Mary Anne. Oh! no, dear cousin; he is not in a humour to listen to you. Do, for my sake—

Frederick. You would have me?

Mary Anne. Yes, yes; leave me to manage for you. (*She pushes him by the shoulders to the door of the back stairs, shuts it upon him, and returns.*)

SCENE

S C E N E XII.

Mr. Vaughan, Mary Anne, Dorothea.

Mary Anne. Ah! papa, I see you are returned already from your walk.

Mr. Vaughan. I am looking for my hat. Hang it, I do not know where I left it.

Dorothea. (*looking about.*) Here, here it is.

Mr. Vaughan. You could not think of bringing it to me.

Dorothea. I must have been blind sure, not to see it.

Mary Anne. Who can think of every thing?

Mr. Vaughan. Truly, you have so many things to take up your attention!

Mary Anne. I was just thinking of poor Frederick.

Mr. Vaughan. Must I constantly have that name rung in my ears?

Mary Anne. Well, papa, let us talk no more about him. Would not you chuse to finish your walk before the dew falls?

Mr. Vaughan. No. I will go out no more this evening. (*Mary Anne and Dorothea look at each other, shaking their heads*

with an air of disappointment.) It is too late. Besides, I have just been told that my old coachman is below, and would speak with me.

Mary Anne and Dorothea. What, Peter?

Mr. Vaughan. Whatever damage he has caused me, the mischief is done, and he has been sufficiently punished for it. I would know what he has to say to me.

Mary Anne. He might very well wait until you returned from your walk.

Mr. Vaughan. No, no. I shall dismiss him the sooner. After all—(*Mary Anne and Dorothea whisper together.*) (*to Mary Anne.*) When your father—(*to Dorothea.*) When your uncle speaks to you, I think that you should listen to him. After all—(*Dorothea endeavours to steal away.*) Where are you going Dorothea?

Dorothea. (*confused.*) I have business down stairs.

Mr. Vaughan. Well, tell Peter to come up. (*Dorothea goes out.*)

SCENE

S C E N E XIII.

Mr. Vaughan, Mary Anne.

Mr. Vaughan. After all, I pity the poor man. I never had so good a coachman. My horses were so sleek, that one might see one's face in their coats; and he never sold their corn for liquor at the alehouse.

Mary Anne. If you had kept him, you would have spared poor Frederick many a sorrowful moment.

Mr. Vaughan. Say no more of him. It was he that occasioned me to discharge Peter, and to be at present without a coachman; for after him I conceived a dislike to all others. I shall never find one to replace him.

S C E N E XIV.

Mr. Vaughan, Mary Anne, Dorothea, and Peter.

Doroth. Uncle, here is Peter.

Peter. I beg pardon, sir, but I cannot think that you are still angry with me. I hope you will not take it amiss that I have
made

made bold to wait on you as I passed the house, and to beg you to let me have a character.

Mr. Vaughan. Did not I give you one?

Peter. I never had any other than "There; take your wages; quit my house this moment, and never let me see you again." You did not give me time, sir, to ask for a gentler discharge.

Mr. Vaughan. You did not deserve more ceremony from me, after destroying my finest carriage. I wish that Frederick had broke his neck at the same time.

Peter. What can one say, Sir? A coachman's sense is in his whip, and I had just lost possession of mine. But I shall be wiser for the future.

Mr. Vaughan. Well, it is all over. How do you live?

Peter. Ah! dear master, since I left your house I have never had a happy moment. You know, upon quitting your service, I went to live with Major Bramfield. Oh! what a master! he could never speak but with his cane lifted up; rest his soul!

Mr. Vaughan. He is dead then?

Peter.

Peter. Yes, to the great joy of his soldiers. He never gave me his orders without swearing like a Turk. His horses had their full measure of corn, and his people plenty of hard knocks, but not much bread.

Mary Anne. Ah! poor Peter! why did you stay in his service?

Peter. Where could I go! What kept me there besides, was, that my wife found employment in the house in washing and mending the linen. She earned at least half as much as maintained our children. Every one trembled before the Major. Death alone made him tremble, and laid him low. At present I am out of place, and do not know where to lay my head.

Mr. Vaughan. But you know that I never wish any one to starve, much less an old servant.

Peter. Oh, Sir, I always thought so; but those terrible words, "Never let me see you again," sounded continually like a clap of thunder in my ears. Ten of the Major's greatest oaths could not have frightened me so much.

Mary Anne. And you have had no master since?

Peter. Ah! Miss, it is not here as in London. In the poor little villages about here, people want their corn more for themselves than for their horses. I worked at daily labour in the fields, my wife spun, and my children went about asking charity. But we all together made so little, that we were not able at the week's end to pay the rent of a poor garret. Very soon we had nothing but the earth for our bed, and the sky for our covering. My poor wife died of grief and hardship. (*wipes his eyes.*)

Mr. Vaughan. You deserved it all. Why did not you come and ask my assistance?

Mary Anne, (to Dorothea.) Now my papa shews himself once more. A good sign for Frederick.

Peter. Ah! fir, what a woman it was! Sure never was a better wife. Whenever I came home at night without having earned a farthing, and thought that I must go to bed hungry, I always found half of her morsel of bread left purposely for me. When I foamed with rage like one in despair, and would destroy every thing round

me, she always restored me to my calm senses, and made me a reasonable man again. Now she is dead, and I cannot bring her to life. There began my real unhappiness, and heaven knows where it will end.

Dorothea. Alas ! poor Peter !

Peter. I had no more hopes of finding a service in these parts ; so I set out one fine evening with my little girl in my arms, and I took my boy by the hand. We walked a great part of the night, and slept the remainder under a hedge. Next morning, by break of day we were in sight of a town. Luckily there was a fair there that day. I earned some money by carrying burthens. But, sir, I must say, it was an angel, an angel from heaven, Master Frederick—

Mr. Vaughan. An angel ? What Frederick ! that reprobate ?

Mary Anne and Dorothea, (approaching Peter with looks of joy and curiosity.) What, Frederick ? Frederick ?

Peter. Dear master, use me ill if you will ; but not that fine generous child. I would rather that you should trample me under your feet.

Dorothea. Oh ! tell us, Peter, tell us.

Peter. My little Lucy went to ask a charity at the door of a public house. Master Richard and Master Frederick were sitting there at a table, with some beer before them.

Mr. Vaughan. Ay ! fine inclinations truly ! In an alehouse !

Dorothea. Nay, uncle, he only went to refresh himself.

Mr. Vaughan. What business had he in the town at all ?

Mary Anne. He had leave to see the fair. Your good Richard, you see, was there too.

Peter. He presently knew my child, and rose from table in spite of all that his companion could say. He made poor little Lucy drink a glass of beer, took her by the hand, and leading her out, heard from herself a short account of our misery. He then desired her to bring him to me, and found me in the next street, drinking out of my hat at a well, as the heat of my work had made me dry. I thought that I should run mad with joy upon seeing him. All shabby and dirty as I was, I took him in my arms, before every body ; and hugged him so close, the folks were afraid that I should stifle him. He was heartily glad to see

see me too. At last, as there were a number of people about us, he told me to lead him to a place where we might be by ourselves, and I took him to a barn, where I had already bespoke my bed for the night.

Mary Anne. Ah! papa, I would lay a wager—

Mr. Vaughan. Silence. Well, Peter?

Peter. I told him all that I have now told you. The dear child began to cry as if he would break his heart. I should beg for you, cried he, as I am the cause of your misfortunes; but I will not sleep without relieving them. Here, Peter, said he, feeling in his pockets, take what money I have about me. I was not for taking it; but that made him angry. I told him that it was money given him for his amusement, and that as for me, I was used to hardship. He frowned, and stamped with his feet, and I verily believe would have struck me if I had not taken his purse.

Mr. Vaughan. How much was there in it?

Peter. Almost a crown. He would keep no more than six-pence. It shall never be said, continued he, that an honest servant of my uncle's, who has neither robbed nor de-

frauded any one, shall be obliged, in his old age, to go begging with his children, and not have so much as a lodging. Take a little room. Before three days I will return, and I will support you until I shall have written to my uncle. We have both provoked him against us; but he is too humane, and too generous, to abandon you to misery.

Mr. Vaughan. Did he really say so, Peter?

Peter. I can take my oath of it, master.

Mary Anne. Well, well, we can believe you; finish your story.

Peter. How do you employ your children? said he, as he took my Billy upon his knee. Employ them? said I, they go about selling nosegays and toothpicks; and when nobody buys, they ask charity. That is not right, said he. They would never learn any thing by that trade but idleness and wickedness. You should make your boy learn a trade, and put the girl out to a decent service.

Mary Anne. Frederick was very right there, papa.

Peter. Yes, said I; but how can I offer the children to any body in these rags? If I had

had only three guineas, I could soon settle them. There is a weaver hard by, that employs young hands, and would take my Billy, if I could give him two guineas fee; and a dairy-man's wife would take Lucy into her service, if she was a little clad. Then I could go and offer myself for service in some rich family, and not be reduced to stroll about like a vagrant.

Mr. Vaughan. And what did Frederick say?

Peter. Nothing, sir. He went away, but two days after he returned. Where is the weaver, said he, that will take your son apprentice? carry me to him. So I did, and he spoke with him privately for a while. And the dairy-man's wife, said he, that will take charge of Lucy—where does she live? I took him there too. He left me at the door, went and spoke to the woman in her dairy, joined me again without saying a word, and we came away. After we had walked about forty yards, he stopped, and taking me by the hand, My honest old friend, said he, make yourself easy as to your children. He then pointed me to a shop of second-hand clothes that happened
to

to be not far off, where he had paid beforehand for this jacket, and this great coat.— Don't I look like a squire in them?

Mary Anne. O my excellent cousin! good-natured Frederick!

Mr. Vaughan, (*wiping his eyes,*) I see now where the watch went.

Peter. That is not all, sir. As sure as you are alive, I caught him slipping money into my pocket. I was positively for returning it to him, and told him that he had already done too much for me. But if ever I saw him fall into a passion, it was then. He assured me, sir, that you had sent it to him for my use. And when I was for coming here directly to thank you, he told me that you would not have it mentioned. Well! thought I to myself, Mr. Vaughan was *so* good a master! Perhaps he would take me again. For all that, I did not dare to come, as Master Frederick had forbidden me.

Mr. Vaughan. O Frederick! my dear Frederick! you have still then that noble and generous heart that I always took you to possess from your infancy.

Mary

Mary Anne. And what determined you at last to appear again before my papa?

Peter. The case was this: They would not take my Billy without a copy of the register of his baptism, and for that I must come here to the clerk of this parish. As I entered the village, I heard that my Lord Vasty wanted a coachman. It seemed as if Master Frederick had sent good luck along with me. I waited on my Lord, who promised to take me if I could bring him a proper character from my last master. I could not go into the other world to ask the Major for one; so I took my chance, though sadly afraid to apply to you. And should you even refuse me, I shall at least have returned you my acknowledgments for the relief that you were so kind as to convey to me through the hands of Master Frederick!

Mr. Vaughan. No, honest Peter; you are indebted for them to himself alone. It is he who has stripped himself to cover you. But he is also indebted to you for the return of my favour. From what a misfortune do you save him! Yes, but for you, but for you, so great was my resentment against him, I should

should have banished him from my presence for ever.

Peter. Say you so, sir? Then I should be the happiest man in the world! What, to save him from misfortune, as he has me! Each of us to owe that obligation to the other?

Mr. Vaugh. That sneaking varlet Richard had almost turned my heart against him. How could I trust that knave, who has so often imposed upon me! But the head master of the school—

Mary Anne. Why, papa, he must have imposed on him as well as you.

Mr. Vaughan. But bless me, they write me word that Frederick is run away. If he should grow desperate! If any misfortune should happen to him!

Peter. A horse! a horse! I'll bring him back to you, if he were at the world's end.
(*Going to run out.*)

Dorothea, (holding him.) My dear uncle, would you really pardon him? Would you take him to your arms once more?

Mr. Vaughan. Ay; though he had sold all his clothes! though he were to return as naked as he was born! (*Dorothea makes a sign to Mary Anne, and runs out.*)

Mary

Mary Anne. What if he were here, papa?

Mr. Vaughan. Here? has any one seen him? Where is he? where is he?

Peter. Ah! if he was here! if he was here! I would jump up to the cieling for joy.

Mary Anne. Well, papa, do you see him?

SCENE XV.

Mr. Vaughan, Frederick, Mary Anne, Dorothea, Peter.

(Frederick entering, kneels to his uncle. Peter shews an extravagance of joy. Dorothea and Mary Anne melt into tears.)

Frederick. Ah! uncle, my dear uncle, will you forgive me?

Mr. Vaughan. Forgive you! I love you a thousand times better than before. You deserve it; and shall never leave me again.

Frederick. No uncle; never, never. *(Turning, he sees Peter, and takes him by the hand.)* Oh! sir, if you had seen the misery of this poor man and his children! If you had been the cause of their distress!

Peter. 'Twas I, 'twas I myself. Why should I have let you climb upon my seat, or have left you to manage a pair of fiery horses?

horses? But who could refuse you any thing? I could not, though the carriage were to run over me for it. So mark, Master Frederick; never ask me any thing improper again! I should agree to it, -I know; but I should go and drown myself directly.

Mr. Vaughan. Why did not you write me an account of all this, instead of selling your watch, your books, and perhaps your clothes? It was at least an imprudence in a child like you, who knows not the value of things.

Frederick. Yes, that is true; but to let this family be a moment longer in their distress, seemed to me as bad as murder. Besides, as you had turned Peter away in a passion, I was afraid that you should forbid me to assist him; and that by disobeying your express orders I should make myself more blameable.

Mr. Vaughan. What, then, you would have disobeyed me there?

Frederick. Yes, uncle; but in that only.

Mr. Vaughan. Kiss me, my brave Frederick!—After all, there is one article in the letter which makes me hesitate; that is, your lying out. Where did you pass the night?

Frederick.

Frederick. I had carried Peter the money that day. Our master was not at home in the evening, and I knew that the doors would be shut at ten o'clock. I thought to be home before; and so I should, if I had not gone astray after dark.

Dorothea. Poor brother! where did you lie then?

Frederick. I found an empty old shed, and there I stretched myself upon a great stone, and never slept so well in my life. I was so happy to have relieved Peter!

Mary Anne. Ah! that ill-natured Richard! He took good care not to tell us all this, and yet he knew it.

Mr. Vaughan. From this moment I withdraw my regard from him, and you alone—

Frederick. No, uncle; I will not be happy at the expence of another, and far less at that of your son.

Dorothea, (taking his hand.) How much ought I to love such a brother!

Mr. Vaughan. Well, let him remain at the school; you shall never leave me. I wish to have you always near my heart, and will have masters for you of all sorts, if they were to come a hundred miles.

Peter,

Peter, (making a low bow.) My worthy master, you are always the same.

Mr. Vaughan, (patting him on the shoulder.)
Peter, have you agreed with Lord Vasty?

Peter. Bless your heart, sir, I had not my character.

Mr. Vaughan. You shall not need one. I see I shall make Frederick and you happy in having you near each other once more : but never let him mount upon your seat again. We shall take care of your children too.

Peter, (sobbing, and crying for joy.) Dear master !—Sir !—are you serious ? Is not this a dream ? Frederick ! Master Frederick ! shall my poor children—Ah ! let me go and see my old friends in the stable !



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